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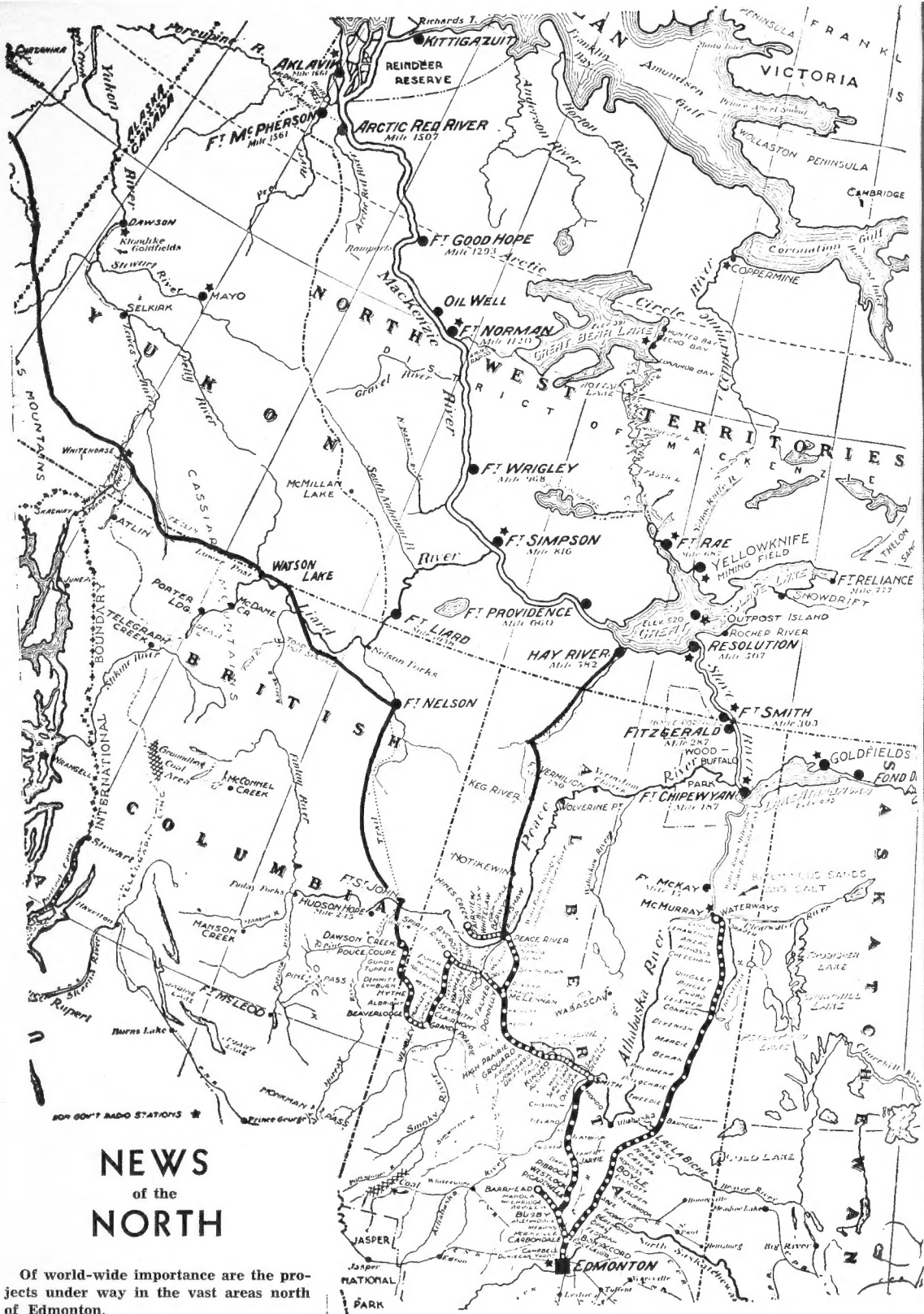


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Atomic Energy

By E. H. Gowan

In considering atomic energy one must first think of the atom from which it comes. This is usually done in terms of a "model" which is a mental picture helpful in visualising and correlating existing knowledge. The model now used dates from about 1912 and consists of a central massive core or nucleus, electrically positive, and very small, even when compared to the diameter of the whole atom. Around this nucleus, in motion in various patterns, are electrons or elemental negative charges. Comparison with the solar system has been used to help visualise this model. The atom as a whole is electrically neutral, the central positive charge determining the number of electrons in the outer patterns, and hence the chemical nature of the atom. Any changes in these electron patterns represent changes in the energy of the atom. This type of atomic energy is familiar to everyone in the form of heat, light, and X-rays.

In terms of this model the facts of radioactivity focus attention on the core or nucleus. The chemical and physical states of the atom do not affect its radioactive behavior. It has been conclusively demonstrated that the radioactive phenomena are due to the breaking up of the nuclei of the heavier atoms, such as uranium and radium. This breaking up releases energy in amounts which are larger per atom than chemical or X-ray energy, but this energy is not under control. Its rate of emission cannot be slowed down or speeded up.

In focussing attention on the nucleus, a more detailed model is required. The nucleus is conveniently considered to be made up of two fundamental particles, the proton and the neutron. The proton is the nucleus of the simplest and lightest element, hydrogen, and is positively charged. The neutron is of about the same mass, but has no electrical charge.

In some way, which is not well understood, these particles can combine together in various numbers, and such combinations form the nuclei of all atoms. The chemical kind of atom is determined by the number of protons; the rest of the mass is made up of neutrons. A proton and a neutron together form the deuteron, which is the nucleus of so-called heavy hydrogen. Two of each constitute an alpha particle such as comes from many radioactive substances, and this alpha particle has been shown to be the same as the nucleus of helium. Three protons and four neutrons form the nucleus of lithium metal, while if there are thirteen protons and fourteen neutrons we have a model (on a greatly enlarged scale of course) of the aluminum nucleus.

All atomic nuclei or models of them, are built up in this way, but only two more will be mentioned which are of particular interest. If we could take 92 protons and 146 neutrons, we should have a model of the core of uranium 238, which is ordinary uranium. If we take, however, only 143 neutrons we get a model of the uranium 235 nucleus. Atoms with alternative nuclei of this sort are called isotopes,—they have the same chemical nature, but may differ in other ways. These differences may be small, represented in our example by 3 in 238, a little more than one per cent, with reference to mass. They may be important, however, and there are other possible differences, represented in this example by quite different behavior

when an extra neutron is added. Measurement shows in all nuclei that the resultant mass is less than the sum of the constituent particle masses.

All these nuclei have positive charges, dependent on the number of protons they contain. Now one of the first things the experimental study of electricity showed was the mutual repelling force whenever like charges were brought close together. Consequently, if any other positive particles are projected near atomic nuclei a repulsion takes place. The nucleus behaves as if it were surrounded by an electric fence. A stream of charged particles shot at any group of atomic targets must be given a high speed to make the particles capable of "jumping the fence" and scoring a hit when properly directed. The function of "atom smashers" such as the cyclotron is to provide a stream of many particles per second, all travelling at high speed.

It has been found that if this stream of high speed particles falls on light materials like beryllium, the result is an ejection of neutrons. These are very important projectiles for the purpose of changing atomic nuclei because, being electrically neutral, they are not repelled by the positive nuclei. They have a better chance of making a hit. It is also important that neutrons are a by-product of many nuclear reactions, a term used to describe in an exact way the changes which result from a successful hit by any particle on a nucleus.

A short discussion (supplemented by the reader's own models if possible) of four typical nuclear reactions should give a fairly clear picture of the process. Suppose a Lithium nucleus is hit by a proton. The Lithium, 3 protons and 4 neutrons, captures an extra proton, and becomes an isotope of Boron with 8 instead of the usual 9 units of mass. This particle is unstable and does not last long. It breaks into two alpha particles which fly off at high speed in opposite directions. In the actual experiment the particles are made visible by light scattered from cloud droplets produced by a sudden cooling of moist air at the right moment. Perhaps the memory of underwater movies will help if you think of the trail of bubbles which shows where a diver has gone when he entered the pool from above. In the movie you watch them rise to the surface. In atom smashing experiments, a single quick picture is taken to get the path before the droplets wander too much.

For a second example consider an aluminium nucleus hit with an alpha particle. The result is an ejected neutron leaving the nucleus of an isotope of phosphorus. This, however, is unstable and changes over by a special kind of radioactivity to the element silicon, the principal constituent of sand.

Thirdly, take a nucleus of ordinary uranium, which absorbs a neutron shot at it. It becomes Uranium 239, which is not stable. Here by two radioactive changes in succession are formed Neptunium and then Plutonium, man-made elements so far not discovered in natural materials of the earth's crust.

As a last example, direct your attention to a nucleus of Uranium 235, which has just captured an extra neutron. It too is in an unstable condition, but breaks down in an entirely different way. It separates into two nearly equal fragments and 2 or 3 neutrons. The fragments are expelled at high speeds in opposite directions. They collide with their surroundings, and their energy of motion is quickly spread to these surroundings,—in other words the temperature is raised. That is the first significant fact about

these fragments. The second is that they are generally radioactive, a typical case being a pair of fragments, barium and krypton. This is another instance of artificial radioactivity. It may be highly dangerous, or it may be useful, but it always accompanies this special kind of nuclear break-up to which the name fission is applied.

The large energy possessed by these high speed fragments is believed to come from the disappearance of mass. The theoretical grounds for believing this include a means of calculating the result. The first example shows a similar thing on a smaller scale for a light element, and in analyzing this case a good agreement between experimental result and theoretical calculation has been obtained. Table 1 shows the simple arithmetic in terms of atomic mass units for these similar cases.

Table 1—Loss of mass, and equivalent energy—MEV (Million electron volts)

Lithium	=	8.0241	Uranium 235+neutron	=	236.09
2 Alpha particles	=	8.0056	less 3 neutrons	=	3.02
Difference (17 MEV)	=	0.0185			233.07
			Barium + Krypton	=	232.85
			Difference (200 MEV)	=	0.22

N.B.—To fix the scale: 6 electron volts is the energy of one electron of the current from a car storage battery.

A comparison, atom for atom (or molecule), of these fission energies with other energies which may be more familiar is of great significance. Notice that fission energy is from one million to one hundred million times as great as the energy obtainable from chemical changes, in Table 2. Man has produced the present industrial age by the use of chemical energy, mainly oil and coal. The possible factor of increase is staggering, and the effects its practical application may have on world social and political organization may well give mankind "furiously to think."

Table 2—Comparison of energy values per atom or molecule

Fission of Uranium 235	200,000,000
X-rays	50,000
Green light	2
T. N. T.	40
Methane (natural gas)	10
Lignite coal	3

One other feature needs to be stressed before considering the use of this energy for either constructive or destructive purposes. Think about igniting wood and coal. They must be heated first, and the heat they give out on burning must spread and raise the adjacent parts to ignition temperature, and so on. Oxygen is supplied by the draft, and the rate of combustion is controlled by this means.

Now think of an explosive. The chemical reaction must be one that gives out heat. There is an intimate mixture of all the materials, and this allows the very rapid reaction with the evolution of gas and heat which we call an explosion. This rapidity may be the only difference; for example, a mixture of coal dust and air may burn with explosive violence, but the same amount of coal may be burned slowly in a stove.

In Uranium fission touched off by a primary neutron there are produced from 1 to 3 secondary neutrons. These are shot out, and may in turn cause fission in neighboring uranium atoms. A third generation can produce a

fourth generation, and so on, thus spreading the release of energy. This release spreads by the travel of fast neutrons, not by the raising of some kind of matter to its ignition temperature, and fission spreads faster than fire. Any self-sustaining type of spreading is known as a chain reaction.

There are three important things to be kept in mind in comparing a nuclear with a TNT explosion. First, there is much more energy per unit mass in a nuclear explosion (cf. Table 2). Second, the nuclear explosion is less efficient, but this still leaves plenty of margin under the first point. Thirdly the speed of a nuclear reaction is much greater, and this contributes to the effect of any explosion.

Perhaps it is time to say something about the supplies of material for nuclear bombs. The special uranium 235 may be used, but it is about 0.7 per cent of total uranium and must be separated by physical methods, all of which are difficult since they depend on the 1.3 percent difference in mass of the two isotopes. Plutonium may be used since it behaves in fission very much like uranium 235. Plutonium can be produced from ordinary uranium with the help of the special kind, and can then be separated chemically. This separation is less difficult than the physical methods, but cannot be called easy. There are complications due to the large scale and the danger to personnel from the radioactive fission products. Plutonium production is carried out in a pile, which consists of uranium rods placed in a lattice pattern, and separated by graphite or heavy water. The controls are rods of cadmium or boron steel which are pulled in or out automatically. The first of these piles used seven tons of uranium and measured about 8 x 8 x 6 feet. The large scale plants use thousands of tons of uranium, and spread over acres of ground.

Consider again how the chain reaction spreads in the fission of uranium 235. The ejected neutrons are the links. To be effective they must hit other uranium nuclei, which are very small compared to the distances between them. Imagine a machine gun firing in a grove of trees which are a few feet apart. In a small grove many of the bullets will miss all the trees and emerge from the grove. A certain size of grove could make sure that every bullet would hit a tree. Similarly in a small mass of uranium too many of the neutrons escape, and the process is not self-sustaining. There is a critical mass which is just large enough to ensure capture of enough neutrons to make the fission process self-sustaining.

Here is the clue to the principles underlying the nuclear, or so-called atomic bomb. A mass equal to or greater than the critical mass would go off by itself, and could not, therefore, be assembled. The bomb consists of two masses, each less than the critical mass, but large enough that their sum is greater than the critical mass. Detonation is accomplished by shooting one part at the other by devices which are still secret, but we have been told that experience with medium naval guns was valuable in the development. The problem solved was to get the two parts in very intimate contact in the shortest possible time. Heavy casings were used to keep the material together as long as possible after the start of the reaction, thus giving time for more of the uranium nuclei to be broken up, and increasing the efficiency of the explosion.

Many technical and social details must be worked out before nuclear energy can be widely used for peaceful industrial purposes. Physical control is possible, and industrial use will depend on economic factors and national policies. The immediate problem facing mankind is the devising of "political inventions" adequate to the task of avoiding self-destruction.

The Significance of Atomic Energy

By D. B. SCOTT

Since the large-scale release of nuclear energy upon Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the world has been trying to adjust itself to an atomic age. Anyone who examines the evidence, is forced to admit that so far, the process has been badly handled. The purpose of this article is to present a brief analysis of the situation as it appears to be at present.

There are two broad functions which nuclear energy may be asked to serve. It may be used for the benefit of mankind in peace. Or it may be used for the destruction of mankind in war. If a poll were taken to determine the relative extent of public interest in these two issues, it would probably be found that the majority are interested chiefly in the former. And yet there are very good reasons why, at present, this consideration—the peace-time uses of nuclear energy—must be given a secondary place.

It has been demonstrated in recent years that most of the discoveries of science are ultimately applied in society. Of course, there is a time lag between discovery and application. Whether the time lag is long or short depends on the urgency with which the application is demanded. Now this urgency is not always proportional to the social need, and therefore we see many social applications of science for which there is little or no social justification. It has been recently suggested that telephones will shortly be supplied with a television screen. If so, this will be a delightful application of some of the most recent developments in physics and electrical engineering. But no one seriously attaches any important social significance to such applications. At the other extreme is this example. The Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service has stated that the average life span in the United States could be increased by ten years if adequate use were made of knowledge at present available. Much the same is true of Canada, of course. The difference between these two types of application is that in one the profit motive is involved, and in the other it is not. In the first case the time lag is short, and in the second it is long.

Last December in New York, nine of the leaders in the atomic bomb project were asked the question, "How long will it take to develop an atomic 100,000 kilowatt-hour power plant that can compete with coal costing \$15 a ton?" The answers ranged from three to twenty years. It seems clear, therefore, that we may expect to get large amounts of energy from atoms. Power developments and machine developments will shortly be upon us. But when our houses are heated by means of nuclear fission instead of coal, will that make us better citizens? If a plutonium-powered rocket were able to take us from Edmonton to Ottawa in three hours instead of three days, what significant purpose would be served? Surely we must admit that we don't need applications of this sort. They will solve none of our basic problems. We don't need new sources of power, because the exhaustion of existing sources is not yet in sight. Our problem is not where to get more energy. It is rather how to use more intelligently the energy sources we already possess. Let me illustrate by an example. Within the last two years there was a famine in India. The famine was caused, however, not by a shortage of food, but by a shortage of transportation facilities for getting the food from where it was stored, to where the people were starving. Now we know already how to transport food, and we have plenty of coal to run the trains. And yet people starved in India. People are at present starving in Europe. When

we have a method for solving such problems and do not solve them, will the addition of a second method make the solution any easier? Let us not delude ourselves. The release of nuclear energy does not bring us closer to the solution of our most pressing problems, for they are social problems. And so long as it is a matter of complete indifference to people on one side of the world that people on the other side are starving, so long are we morally unfit to face these social problems.

There is, however, an application of nuclear energy, which can be of great significance. This is its application to problems of disease control, and there appear to be many opportunities here. But since, in the saving of human lives, the profit motive is not involved, we may expect a long time-lag. If, however, the Government decides to sponsor such a program of research, it will require money, and we must be prepared to supply that money through taxes. But is it not true that we are all clamouring for reduced taxation so that we may buy new cars and new radios?

Here, then, is one of the reasons why we must consider the peacetime application of nuclear energy to be of secondary importance; the basic problems facing us are social problems, and we can not solve them by means of technological developments. Further, the really useful applications, as in medical research, will cost money, and we give indications at present of preferring to spend our money in other ways.

Another reason is that peacetime uses of nuclear energy have significance only during times of peace. It is therefore worthwhile to consider the possible role of nuclear energy in the event of another war. The purpose of such a consideration is to present ourselves with a picture of the consequences of failure to banish war.

Let us assemble the facts.

1. The release of energy from the nucleus is much greater than that from any other source. The energy release from an atom of uranium by fission, is approximately 100,000,000 times greater than the energy release from a molecule of TNT. That is a good figure to remember. If anyone wonders how devastating an atomic bomb can be, let him consider that figure: 100,000,000 times greater than TNT. In the bombs used so far the efficiency was about two or three percent, and the mass of uranium used was only about 150 pounds. It has been asserted that the bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki were not so bad after all. It is said they were not appreciably worse than a ten-ton blockbuster. In my estimation, that is neither here nor there. What does it matter that the first atomic bomb was not much more destructive than previous-type bombs? It is not with that type of bomb that a future war would be fought. Make no mistake about it, far more devastating bombs are probably already in existence, and if not, it is certainly possible to make them. The thing to remember is that figure of 100,000,000, about two percent of which has been efficiently used. The first fact is, then, that atomic bombs can be made with destructive ability vastly greater than anything we have seen up to now.

2. The atomic bomb cannot be kept a secret. It was agreed by all scientists from the very first that this was so. Now, there are very few, even among political leaders, who have not been persuaded. All the physical, chemical, and mathematical principles involved are well known in all scientific countries. With that information, any industrially developed country could make its own atomic bombs in a short time. Therefore, any successful peace agreement must be based upon the assumption that any potential

aggressor may have atomic bombs. Otherwise, the peace agreement will be just what Clemenceau is said to have called the Treaty of Versailles—"The basis of another just and durable war."

3. Atomic bombs cannot be banned from warfare. Uranium is widely distributed on the earth's surface, and it is therefore not possible to corner the supply. To attempt to ban atomic bombs otherwise is to assume that war is a game governed by gentlemen's agreements. We have seen that this is not so. Even in the days when war was more of a game than it is now, it was found impossible to ban new methods of destruction. In any case, the idea is just silly; if we could ban atomic bombs, why should we not rule out everything but swords and bucklers?

4. There is no defence against the atomic bomb. It has been seriously argued that the atomic bomb is just like any other new weapon—it will be countered by defence in due course. This is simply not the case. The consensus of scientific opinion is that there is no defence possible.

5. Long-range rocket-bombs are a possible development. Such bombs could be driven by atomic energy and supplied with an atomic-bomb war-head. It looks possible also to guide such bombs, thus improving their accuracy considerably.

Now let us imagine a war under these conditions. The first thing that happens, of course, is an atomic armament race. But this is not like previous armament races. Formerly if one country built ten planes a day, the other country could feel reasonably safe if it built twenty planes a day. It could then say, effectively, "Let them come: we're ready for them." But such things are not important in a race for atomic bombs. Each country needs only enough bombs to destroy the other's cities. What does matter, though, is that one must not allow the enemy to attack first, because the first blow would be decisive. It is not an exaggeration to say that the industrial capacity of the United States, for example, could be thoroughly destroyed in a single thrust whether delivered by planes or by rocket bombs. But let us suppose that each country has had sufficient foresight to base its atomic-bomb-delivering mechanism outside its cities. Then whichever country strikes first must anticipate a return engagement. Thus two countries are incapacitated. And of course the chance of keeping the number of participating countries down to two is very slight.

It is frequently suggested that we would surely survive an atomic bomb war. Perhaps we should not assume that too readily. Bear in mind that in the recent evolution of warfare, more and more civilians have been killed. In an atomic-bomb war one does not kill soldiers at all. One destroys cities, and with the cities, their populations. The rural inhabitants of the country still survive. But observe that with the destruction of the cities go the hospitals and all the methods of fighting disease. Then where does a survivor go if he gets tuberculosis, or diphtheria, or pneumonia? Perhaps disease could finish the job which atomic bombs failed to complete. At least it is something to think about very carefully before we try it out.

The conclusion is surely obvious: **we must not have another war.** Further, we cannot allow atomic bombs anywhere in the world. Atomic bombs have only one purpose and that is bombing. Therefore, the presence of atomic bombs in any one country would stimulate suspicion in other countries, giving rise to an atomic armament race which would inevitably lead to war.

How are we to avoid war? Since there have always been wars, we cannot hope to prevent them by any method which has already been tried. We have previously placed our hopes in international agreements and in fear. But



By C. M. Russell



By C. M. Russell

an agreement between two nations not to fight does not prevent them from fighting. Nor does fear of the consequences of war prevent a nation from making war. These are both negative deterrents, and we require something positive. It is clear that any potential aggressor nation must be stopped by forces which it dare not oppose. Further, it must be agreed that no single nation is above suspicion. Therefore, all the nations of the world must enter into a mutual agreement in which they explicitly state their willingness:

- (a) to assist in supplying the force necessary to present aggression; and
- (b) to submit to restrictions, imposed by majority agreement, in the interests of universal security.

What this means, of course, is world government. And such a proposal is without meaning as long as the member nations are primarily interested in their imagined rights as sovereign nations. In his first public report on his meeting with Truman and Attlee in Washington last November, Prime Minister King stated, "The more deeply one ponders the problems with which our world is confronted in the light . . . of the implications of the development of atomic energy, the harder it is to see a solution in anything short of some surrender of national sovereignty. With a limited surrender of national sovereignty, there must be instituted some form of world government restricted, at least at the outset, to matters pertaining to the prevention of war, and the maintenance of international security."

Now it is easy to lay down principles by means of which a solution is to be found. The difficulty comes in finding methods of implementing the principles. To what extent have we been successful in this direction? We have reached some agreement, in principle, about the desirability of world government and the wisdom of sacrificing some national sovereignty. We have a United Nations Organization which is certainly a necessary step toward world government. But we have in actual fact, no surrender of national sovereignty whatever, and five of the member nations of the UNO possess veto power, which means that the UNO does not have to mean anything at all. Worse still, we have already begun an atomic armament race—the United States has stated frankly that it is making atomic bombs, and there can be no doubt that Russia is trying desperately to match them. At the time of writing, Russian troops are marching in Iran. All this goes on just as though we could get away with it—just as though we had not heard of atomic bombs. For the real significance of atomic energy today is that we can not go on as we have done in the past, and we have so little time to find it out.

Let us relax momentarily and assume that we shall find our way out of the present mess, and then let us consider how the average citizen may adjust himself to the atomic age. Living in the atomic age does not involve primarily, the use of atomic energy, although that will probably be a factor in it. The significant factor is the world citizenship involved in living under a world government. It would be worth while if we were to try to decide what that means. It means, for example, that the Japanese, the Indians, and the Jews are all world citizens of equal importance with you and me. I wonder if we see the significance of that? We have in Canada itself a Japanese problem and a French-Canadian problem. We are unable to get along with each other within the borders of a single country. We should therefore consider whether we are fit to become world citizens, and if we find that we are not, we should begin making the necessary adjustments immediately. We must all live together in our "one world," or we shall indeed not live at all.

Education in The Atomic Age

By C. R. Tracy

The invention of the atomic bomb is a very great triumph for human knowledge and skill and at the same time a very great danger to human civilization. As every responsible leader in the United Nations has repeatedly said, unless the bomb is controlled, human civilization may as well be wiped off the books altogether as a bad debt. To the inventing and perfecting of this doubtful blessing the universities of Canada made a great contribution through their technical knowledge and laboratory facilities; now the question arises, are the universities of Canada able to make as great a contribution to the development of effective controls? Surely the university is the place above all where one might reasonably expect to find people who have been trained to think deeply, seriously, and effectively on a national and international scale. If the answer to the question which has been asked is no—and it probably is—what has been wrong with our universities that they have not produced men as clever in the solution of social, moral, and political problems as in scientific and technical ones?

In all fairness one must admit that the problem of control is much more difficult than the original invention. The energies with which the scientist deals are abstract and impersonal; they always obey the laws of nature. So soon as one has learned the fundamental laws involved, one may proceed to use them without concerning oneself with incalculables. The energies of nature have no emotions, no prejudices, no pride, no ambitions; in short, they are not human. But the control of the bomb is not a scientific problem at all, —rather a social, ethical, and political one. Human energies, moreover, in contrast with natural ones, are headstrong and incalculable, and may not be depended upon to obey the laws. To deal with human energies you need people who have had the right training and experience, who are accustomed to dealing with people and irrational human values, who are able to see life as a whole, insofar as anyone may.

Modern Canadian universities have been mainly concerned in the past with training men and women in professional techniques. We have been turning out excellent doctors, dentists, engineers, lawyers, teachers, researchers in chemistry and physics, and a wide variety of highly trained specialists in other professions. There is no need for us to boast about what we have done for professional training, for without it our present scale of comfort and opportunity would soon collapse. The modern university is what you might expect from what it has been doing: it is little more than a federation of professional schools. We have schools of medicine, of dentistry, of pharmacy, of household economics, of nursing, of commerce, of education, as well as honours courses which are really professional schools of scientific, literary, historical, and philosophical research. The overwhelming majority of students are pursuing highly specialized courses designed to make them competent in their chosen professions, and are getting very, very little besides. A few, of course, have come for a general education and have been enrolled in the pass course; but their numbers are small, and the training they get is inadequate to equip them for dealing with the stupendous problems raised by modern society. Apart from them, however, almost nobody in the university is even trying to study man and his problems as a whole. At no time does the university give its students a coherent view of life, either

from the point of view of ethics or from that of social philosophy. We have been training people as scientists, as teachers, as engineers, but we have been neglecting them almost altogether as human beings. By implication we have been saying that health, comfort, and mere convenience are important, but that moral, spiritual, and social values are not important.

For some time this shortcoming in our higher education has been much on our minds. A feeling of dissatisfaction was felt long before the war. The war, however, did a good deal to underline our shortcomings. The national need called loudly for specialists of all kinds, and we responded to the emergency by doing our best to produce them as rapidly as we could. We cut down summer vacations and applied high pressure everywhere. Meanwhile the need for general education tended to be lost sight of, especially since our best students, other than specialists in exempt professions, were drafted into the services. The war, consequently, drew our attention to the fact that universities had been transformed more completely than we had been aware of into trade and professional schools. Probably in opening our eyes in this way it did some good, for we are beginning to hear loud complaints from bodies of responsible people outside the university itself, like the professional engineering societies, that the modern graduate cannot even write an intelligible letter. Worse than that, at a time when public life needs the best minds that can be found, our doctors, our engineers, our philosophers contribute little or nothing to it; they stand aside and scoff, but at election time they don't even go out to vote. The situation has got so bad now that it can hardly become worse, and unless it improves rapidly and definitely we may as well count our universities out of the social and cultural life of our nation.

There are three main shortcomings in the human product—i.e., in the graduates—which our universities have been turning out. (1) Their training has been too narrow, (2) their training has been mis-directed for the problems society now must attack, and (3) they lack humility. Let me deal with each of them separately.

(1) We have been so preoccupied with the vast amount of knowledge and the high degree of skill which a modern professional man must possess that we give him almost no courses other than those directly bearing on his profession. This specialization is just as bad in the humanities as in the sciences: it is just as bad to know nothing about anything but poetry as to know nothing about anything but steam turbines. It is even far from clear that the study of poetry by itself is any more liberalizing than the study of steam turbines by themselves. The result of overspecialization in both poetry and steam turbines is narrowness in mind and character. Clearly the specialist is not equipped to deal with the vast, complex, and intensely human problems involved in the control of the atomic bomb.

(2) Our graduates are not only the victims of over-specialization, but they are experts in doing things—practical things—and not in understanding the world in which they live. They are not primarily interested in the truth, only in truths which appear to have some immediate utility in the practical world. Moreover, they have been trained to be accurate in their measurements and calculations to such an extent that they are apt to make the mistake DesCartes did, of supposing that only clear and distinct ideas may be true. They disliked literature because they could not add it up and make sense of it. They refused to study philosophy because there were "too many variables in it." Their minds had been trained only in the techniques of exact scientific measurement, and they boggled at the intangibles which in human

experience are so much more important than the tangibles. They cheerfully turned their backs on the intricate, incalculable realities of the human scene, preferring the cosy, comfortable, calculable unrealities of the science laboratory. For truth, when you try to see it whole, is immeasurable and rather frightening to minds accustomed to the reassuring accuracy of callipers.

(3) Finally, our graduates lack humility. Remember the word was humility, not modesty; for nobody could be more unassuming as a class than university graduates. But they do lack the humility which comes from a deep understanding of the smallness of one's own knowledge and skill in relation to all there is to know and do, humility like Sir Isaac Newton's, who said that his contribution to knowledge was a mere pebble thrown into the great ocean of truth. But our graduates have never seen enough of the whole ocean of truth to realize how small their pebbles really are. For example, a letter recently appeared in the Edmonton press complaining of the work done in the University generally, and stating that we will never turn out good doctors and dentists until their lectures are given to them by men who are not only good doctors and dentists but also experts in curriculum building. Surely, here is a man riding his own hobby-horse over the brink of absurdity! But even sober people sometimes go almost as far astray. A highly competent scientist, for example, a man of excellent sense and judgment in ordinary life, tells me that we will never control the atomic bomb until we apply scientific method to the social and political problem. And when I ask him what he means by scientific method, he says simply "honesty". But are scientists the only honest men? Were the humanists not honest, were the schoolmen not honest, was the founder of Christianity not honest? But they were none of them scientists, unless you widen the term scientist so far that it has no meaning at all. These examples show that without breadth of vision and knowledge it is easy to think that one's own shadow will blot out the moon. And modern education has conspicuously failed to stimulate breadth of vision and knowledge.

That these criticisms of the modern university graduate are not unfair can be shown by a brief glance about the world today. What little leadership the world does have is not coming as a rule from university-trained men. Our Bevins and our Stalins are not university graduates, but men who have come up from the ranks, trained in the rougher, but unquestionably more liberal, college of life. In proportion as our university enrolments grow larger, the number of university graduates in public life grows smaller. The reason is not that the university is failing to attract men of the best intelligence and character, but rather that having attracted them it diverts them into comfortable, lucrative professions, and so deprives the world of its best potential leaders. The spirit of self-sacrifice and public service is not strong in the present generation of university student.



The Question

By John Macdonald

It has often happened that moral problems have been solved as a result of advances which had nothing to do with morality. The telegraph and the bank draft put the highwayman out of business. Electric light made an end of the rat-holes of London where Fagan and his kind found congenial and safe headquarters. With light, decent citizens could walk abroad at night in comparative safety. For a long time decent men have been saying that war should be abolished. William Penn said so as long ago as the seventeenth century and actually devised and published the details of a plan for a League of Nations. In the early eighteenth century Kant produced his remarkable little book, "Perpetual Peace," which was directed at the same purpose, the ending of violence among civilized nations. Such publications, however, had little or no influence on the public at large. It needed the First World War to bring the idea home to the common man.

In the years following that catastrophe, the idea steadily gained ground among the democracies, in the United States, France, and the British Commonwealth. But the issue was still regarded as essentially a moral one. It was a moral obligation on the part of civilized nations to find a way of living peaceably together. The atom bomb has put the issue on another plane—the plane of sheer physical survival. The proposition: we ought to co-operate if we are to do the right thing, has been turned into: we must co-operate if we are to live. The "ought" has become a "must," and it is permissible to hope that a practical beginning will be made. It is also permissible to hope that, the new way having been tried, there will be no turning back. The atom bomb may force men to do what moral suasion could not of itself make them do, and having begun to do it, they will like it. It will be another case—an epoch-making case, this time—of non-moral advances resolving a moral impasse. At any rate that way of looking at the matter is worth noting, for people usually put it the other way. Man, we are told, must undergo a heart-change, that is, must achieve a moral advance, before he can turn this into a decent world. If we except a lack of imagination (admittedly a serious defect), there is perhaps not so much amiss with the soul of the common man.

But why should men have to wait for the atomic bomb to force them to adopt the co-operative way and like it? The answer is that those processes which were making for steady expansion of community feeling were not permitted to operate. Totalitarianism put a halt to this natural growth. True, the reception that the Munich agreement was given by the German people indicates that the peaceful way was already accepted as the better way by large numbers of Germans. But these were forced to adopt the other way, and they no doubt found (so long as they were winning) that they liked it. The rest of the population had been fed and bred on ideas which put an insuperable obstacle in the path of further civilized advance.

One is tempted to conclude that the growth of the larger community of civilized men is bound up with the spread of what we call democracy. Certainly there are features of the democratic way which seem indispensable. Freedom of discussion is the clearest case in point. It is hard to see how there can be any real understanding, any sense of community, between a part of the civilized world where communication is free and another part where it

is not. In any case, it is easy to see that there are endless possibilities of misunderstanding.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the effects of this freedom have been uniformly salutary and have made inevitably for healthy growth. Our democratic way, like the totalitarian, has the peculiar defects of its qualities. The defect of the democratic way lies in its tendency to create spiritual confusion. Ideas which are widely divergent and often mutually destructive are allowed free expression in the press, over the radio, and from the platform. Counsel becomes confused. If I may use the old analogy between society and the individual (an analogy rightly in bad odour with the logicians but very suggestive none the less), our democratic freedom tends to make for a schizophrenic society—a society split by cleavages which undermine its power of co-ordinated and effective action. The totalitarian society, on the other hand, has rid itself of inner confusion, its beliefs are well systematized and held with great intensity of conviction—like the ideas of the paranoic, probably with the same correspondence to reality and the same tendency to become dangerous.

Is there enough underlying community of feeling and belief in these societies to make it possible for them to work together for the prevention of armed conflict? That is the question posed by the atomic bomb. Do the defects in either case or in both go so deep as to mean madness? If so, well, what was that saying of the Ancients? "Whom the gods would destroy"

A SIGHING WIND

BY MARGARET N. DAVIS

*A sighing wind
Moans in the thirteen pear trees,
Rustles through the vines.*

*Pale moonlight falls
On carven pillars
Where, by day, the many spears
Of dissolute lovers lean.*

*Upon the hearth
Low flame.
Through shadowy hall,
Bare feet upon cold stone,
She comes to stand
Before the web
(Fine-woven, wide,
A fitting winding-sheet!).*

Penelope!

*Lady, how fares the soul
In twice ten years?*

Rear End Views

By Stanley Noel Smith

The rear end section of a street car is a Roman Forum, a Hyde Park. As long as a miscellany of men of all creeds, religions, and colors can blabber away their thoughts in the rear section, as long as a rear section is literally a cross section of democracy, so long will our thoughts, our politics, and our ideas be free. When we are compelled to weigh our words, ponder our answers, and fear to speak freely, then beware: the dark spectre of totalitarianism, or of other undreamed-of isms, is taking hold on our nation.

I have ridden the same street car for years. The individuals who compose a select group at the rear, resemble comets that rush out of unknown space, not centennially, but daily. Our orbits touch for this brief period, we strike sparks, pick up little bits of matter from one another, and then separate to fly into unknown space. Where the other members of the group go, I do not know. They appear from the dim vista of a shaded street and disappear into the yawning maw of an office building—specks in space and time.

At this point in my thoughts this morning, comet number two, in the person of Mac, burst into the firmament. Strange, the different terms of endearment each successive generation lays on its members. In the period from 1912 to 1920, when a man's name was unknown, the proper appellation to tag him with was "Mac." It filled a needed want, it was a sign of friendship, an acceptance. To say, "Hey Mac!" was definitely more gracious than to say, "Hey you!" No introductions were necessary. I am told that the younger generation use the word "Joe" in a similar manner, but somehow it does not seem to be spoken with the same affection as the old "Mac." Perhaps, however, I am mouthing the old word with nostalgic tastes.

Mac is a typical "Mac." The word describes him perfectly. He is a man edging dangerously close to the fifty mark, tall, angular, and slightly lame—a souvenir from Regina Trench in '16. Mac's leg is our daily barometer. He can always inform us of the approach of inclement weather. I rather suspect that his prophetic ability is helped in no small degree by his perusal of the daily paper. Their similarity appears too much of a coincidence. Why do we allow these sceptical thoughts to creep into our mind? I think we would enjoy life more fully if we kept the naivete of our youth; so, let us believe Mac and his forecasts.

I know by instinct what Mac's first utterance will be. After long experience I have discovered what type and portion of the morning's news will appeal to my different fellow passengers. I am not mistaken. News has been broadcast of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima.

Mac's first words, as he drops into the seat beside me, are: "That's the stuff to give 'em; that makes those little yellow bellies hit the funkholes. I says to my wife this morning, I says, 'Listen Martha,' says I, 'they're going to blow that bloody island into the sea, and a damn good job too. They should drop one of those there bombs on every bloody city in Hirohitee's kingdom and blow the guts out of all of them'."

There is one distinct advantage in having a mind like Mac's. He does not vacillate; he is thoroughly satisfied with the opinion he forms; once formed, it stays rooted—even an atomic bomb could not move it. Do we

get any further weighing the pros and cons of an idea? Are we any more likely to arrive at any clearer decision than Mac does? We may attempt all sorts of mental jujitsu, but if then we arrive at the same conclusion as Mac, and we have an even chance of so doing, we still will not be fired with the same convictions. Our "Native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Our third comet has now elbowed (if a comet may be allowed the privilege of elbowing) its way to the rear. This chap's name is Smith. I shall not apologize for bringing a Smith into our sanctum. I feel the same way about Smiths as our friend Smith does. His, and my, feelings are best expressed by one of his own stories. (I have heard him tell it at least ten times.) It seems that he was accosted one evening by one of the local policemen and charged with some minor traffic offence. Upon being given the name of Smith, the officer snorted with doubt, and said, "Let's see your registration card!" The doubt in the officer's tone caused the ire of our friend to rise, he being normally a very upright and honest citizen. His reply was, "After all, officer, there are some Smiths in the world!" So I repeat, "There are some Smiths in the world."

Smith is one of those individuals who go through life unhurried and unruffled, canny, careful, and smooth—and rather dull. He waits to see the way an argument will progress, then steps in to smooth over troubles, puts in his ounce at the psychological moment, and usually tips the scales. When he speaks, you can see the soap-box or the platform rising under his feet. Behind his back we refer to him as Soapy Smith, not because of his resemblance to the Soapy Smith of Klondyke fame, but because of his manner.

I suppose he enjoys life in his smooth, nonchalant way. How irksome this way of life is to some people! No more than two drinks at a time, for fear a word "infra dig" might escape—no acting on impulse—an even, colourless life. He of course misses the bumps and worries of the man who continues to act with the spontaneity of youth. He resembles a perfect landscape photograph, faultless in detail, but lacking the charm, vivacity, and colour of a Turner painting.

Immediately behind our friend Soapy comes the last of our quartet, the four who have ridden the morning street car for years. Our ranks have been added to from time to time. Stray meteors have visited our system, their cycles recurring numerous times; finally they disappear into outer space influenced by the pull of some stronger force.

Findlay is a colorful figure, ruddy of face and rotund of figure. One hundred percent Findlay we call him, and not behind his back; he loves it. Three or four cigars invariably decorate his right hand vest pocket. His left hand vest pocket holds two fountain pens and two automatic pencils. Findlay is a salesman. He lives in hope, I suppose, of having four customers all wanting to sign thousand-dollars contracts at the same time. Imagine the humiliation if this did happen, and one of his customers had to wait for a pen! The psychological moment would be gone, the point to which he had been working would have passed. This would be comparable to Einstein breaking a pencil during the final stages of a problem, after weeks of work, into the fourth and fifth dimension. No lead—no pencil—no knife, he rushes hither and thither; finally he chews chunks of wood off his pencil. Too late, the thought is gone; humanity and civilization are left in the dark ages of the third dimension.

Smith and Findlay catch the tail of Mac's conversation as they arrive at the end of the car. Findlay immediately takes over. "At last," he said, "one hundred percent power! Just think, with one ounce of matter packed in a car, we can take a trip around the world. I sure would like to get the agency for the first cars. Boy, would I clean up a million!"

Findlay is always going to make a million. Odd, these chaps who have to eke out their street car tickets are never satisfied. One hundred thousand to them is skimmed milk; it must be a million.

"Yes, Sir," continues our flamboyant friend, "this will revolutionize the world. What do you think, Smith?"

Smith hesitates a moment; he never has been known to let a thought slip out without a respectable shirt on it. "Well, Gentlemen, this is an epoch-making morning. From time immemorial [Smith loves this expression] new power has always ushered in a new era; as King Arthur mournfully intoned from the barge, 'The old order changeth yielding place to new.' Let us look for examples in past history. Before the discovery of fire, man roamed the earth in small family groups. With the advent of this miracle, they banded together in tribes. Fire changed man from solitary to gregarious animals. Steam? Let us look at steam. Until the nineteenth century the feudal system held sway. It was not until the power of steam shortened distances, and added its levelling influence on all classes that feudalism finally disappeared and our capitalistic system took control. Now I ask you, Gentlemen, dare we trust this atomic power in the hands of such a system? I think not. I suggest to you that we are due for a change, and that change will be socialism. Now, Gentlemen . . ."

At this point, at a nudge from Findlay, Mac interrupts. Mac and Findlay have worked out, during our trips, some very nice combination plays to stop Smith from carrying the ball too far. When Smith starts an end run, it has possibilities of carrying through until we reach our destination.

"Ah! you and your socialism!" Mac interjects. "You don't no more believe in it than we do. It sounds high-falutin' these days to talk about it. If it comes, you'll call yourself a holy prophet; and if it don't you'll say you were just a-talking. I tell you again that they had better use up all of those there atoms and smash those little bastards. Up an' atom! That's what I say. Holy cow! I wish I'd seen that Hiroshima show!"

Findlay leans over to me and whispers, "If Mac had been at Hiroshima, he would probably have risen from the rubble and said, 'Hell, this is nothin', you should 'a' been on the Somme'."

At this point in our conversation the car rocks to a stop. We are pushed to the exit with the rest of the human freightage and disgorged into the madding crowd. We go our separate ways, crowded as atoms in a molecule and distant as suns in space.



Captain Mike of the "Radium Prince"

By R. B. MILLER

I met Mike Arnfinson this summer 'way down north on the Great Bear River. I was impressed, anybody would be, for Mike is two hundred and thirty-two pounds of powerful, active Iclander. Slightly in need of a shave, he was leaning out of the window of his pilot house on the *Radium Prince*, roaring directions at a gang of men loading precious radium and uranium concentrate on to his barge. In a few minutes, when his barge was loaded, he cast loose from the dock and began the forty-eight mile trip down the Bear River to the rapids.

The more I learned about Mike, the more impressed I was. But before I tell you more about Mike, let me sketch in the background of the shipping of "atom-bomb" ore. Everybody knows, now, that the radium and uranium pitchblende is dug out of a hole in the rock on the east shore of Great Bear Lake. Here, at Port Radium, the ore is concentrated, packed into ninety-pound sacks and shipped to Port Hope, Ontario, to be refined. What everybody probably doesn't know is that each sack of ore is handled eighteen times between Port Radium and railhead at Waterways. I won't bore you by detailing each of the eighteen handlings, but I will give you the stages in the journey to railhead.

The ore sacks are loaded on to a barge at Port Radium and pulled or pushed across Great Bear Lake about two hundred miles to the source of the Bear River on the west shore. There is one boat, the *Great Bear*, which handles this stage of the journey. At Bear River Landing, the source of the Bear River, the ore is transferred to smaller barges and taken down the Bear River forty-eight miles to the

Bear River Rapids. The river tug which does this is Mike's *Radium Prince*. At Bear River Rapids trucks take the stuff nine miles around the rapids where it is again loaded on river barges and taken by another tug about thirty miles to Fort Norman on the McKenzie River. Here the ore is transferred to larger river barges which go up the McKenzie, across Great Slave Lake, and up the Slave River to Fort Smith. Then another portage in trucks, back into boats, across Lake Athabasca, and up the Athabasca River to Waterways where the load finally gets on the rails.

All of this river transportation is tough work calling for tough, resourceful men; and the toughest stretch in the whole system is Mike's run from Bear River Landing to Bear River Rapids. The river here runs at nine miles per hour; it is narrow and very winding and treacherously shallow. Going downstream the tug and barges cannot draw more than twenty inches of water. And this twenty inches has to be found between scattered boulders and sand bars which often leave the barge only ten inches side clearance. Mike crosses from bank to bank eighty-four times in one trip, ferreting out this narrow, invisible, twenty-inch-deep channel. On the down trip he makes the forty-eight miles in three hours, often hitting twenty-two miles per hour in the current, pushing a barge with forty-five to sixty tons of radium concentrate worth over \$11,000. It is a real sight to watch him in his high pilot house spinning the wheel until the spokes disappear in a blur; the blur clears, the spokes reappear, only to disappear again immediately as Mike swings her hard the other way. At times

the untutored passenger is sure he saw his last sunrise that morning as the barge and tug charge at the river bank at twenty-two miles per hour; but, then, after a moment, when he has opened his eyes again, he is back in mid-channel, and then careening wildly at the other bank.

It seems a miracle that Mike can get down; it is a miracle, or rather, Mike is. *No one else can do it.* And it's not that others haven't tried. At least six experienced skippers have been brought in to try it. But all failed to make a go of it. The enormous responsibility of getting the ore out and supplies in to the mine rests squarely on Mike Arnfinson. Mike takes this responsibility very seriously. When navigation begins in the spring and there is twenty-four hours of daylight, he runs constantly. For more than six weeks he gets an average of only two and a half hours sleep per day. Three hours down, twelve hours back, day and night he keeps it up until August and darkness at night forces him to tie up for a few hours each of the twenty-four.

Mike came to Waterways years ago from Manitoba. There he learned the

ways of rivers. He is one of those rare products of nature—a born fast-water man. He can read water. The channel in the Bear River is not marked—and what would be the use, as it is different each year? Mike first went up the Bear River in 1932 when work began on Gilbert Labine's find at Port Radium. An Indian acted as pilot on that first trip and ran the boat aground on a bar. Mike left him at Bear Lake and has been running the river ever since, fourteen years, alone. He has only gone aground once, when his engines failed on a down trip. All the supplies of food, mine machinery, oil and gas that have gone into Port Radium were delivered to Bear Lake by Captain Mike; and all the thousands of tons of radium concentrate that have come out have been taken down the Bear River by Mike.

I think that the powers that be have finally realized what an essential man Mike is and have been a little worried by it. What if something happened to him? At any rate a road is now being built from Bear River Rapids to Great Bear Lake which may eventually eliminate Mike's run.



THE UNIVERSITY GRACE

The following Grace has been recited at dinner and at formal meals in Athabasca Hall since the opening of the main dining room in October, 1913:

*Fac, Deus Noster, ut hoc cibo refecti, Quaecumque Vera
constantius sequamur, secundum Jesu Christi spiritum.
Amen.*

[Grant, O God, that being refreshed by this food, we may more steadfastly follow after whatsoever things are true, according to the spirit of Jesus Christ.]

Charles M. Russell, 1864-1926 †

The Cowboy Artist

By J. O. G. SANDERSON

*"The West is dead!
You may lose a sweetheart,
But you won't forget her."*

These words were written by Charlie Russell some time before he passed on. In the sense in which he used them they are completely true. The West he knew and portrayed so faithfully, vividly, and artistically had gone. Only the vestiges and echoes were left. And to Russell and his contemporaries that West was a sweetheart that they would not forget, and that will not be forgotten by succeeding generations of westerners who like their country sufficiently to delve into its short history and abundant culture.

Fifty years is a short period in the history of a people. Consider the population of immigrant origin of North America and its accomplishments in the period 1875-1925. The extent of the settlement and development of resources in North America West of Lake Winnipeg and the Mississippi river during those fifty years was so vast that it is not easily comprehended. The history of mankind provides no other instance of the voluntary migration of so many people in such a short space of time, nor an instance of the firm settlement of peoples on such a tremendous area in so short a period.

One example may suffice to indicate the scope of this surge of new development. During the forty year period from 1865-1905, Texan ranchers trailed approximately ten million cattle and one million horses out of Texas to new ranges and markets to the north as far as the Red

Deer river in Alberta.* This supply of livestock formed the main basis for the first phase of the agricultural development of the West,—the ranching industry.

It was the great good fortune of posterity, particularly the posterity that will dwell in our region, that a highly talented, sensitive, observant, and responsive artist was living in this country during the early ranching era. Charles M. Russell lived in Montana, and for short periods in Alberta, most of his lifetime.

He was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on March 19th, 1864. His young interest was apparently completely captured by the romantic, adventure-filled panorama that was unfolding to the west. He dodged school attendance and tried unsuccessfully several times to get away to the frontier country. He was sent to a military school in Burlington, New Jersey. He made no academic or military progress at this institution, and he returned home just before his sixteenth birthday. At this point his father made a sagacious decision and decided to allow him to travel to the wild country he dreamed of, with the expectation and hope that he would soon see enough of it and return to home and school.

He arrived in Helena, Montana, in 1880, and set out to work with his co-traveller from St. Louis who turned out to be a sheep rancher. The arrangement proved to be less than congenial, for after a few weeks he took the two horses he had bought and left there. He struck out looking for work with no possessions but

†Dr. Sanderson, consulting geologist of Calgary, is a graduate of the University and a former member of the Department of Geology.

*These figures are taken from a fascinating book, *The Trail Drivers of Texas*, published by the Old Time Trail Drivers Association, San Antonio, Texas, 1924.

his blankets. While busy making his first (supperless) camp, he was startled by the unexpected voice of another camper, a trapper and hunter with whom he struck up a lasting friendship on the spot. They travelled together hunting and trapping for two years.

After his first year in Montana, his father sent him money with which to return home. Russell returned this saying he had no use for it and would be home for a visit when he had made enough money. He returned to St. Louis the next year and stayed for only a few weeks. He then came back to Montana and lived the rest of his life in the West.

Until 1893, he worked as a cowboy, mainly at night-herding remudas, the herds of saddle horses used on round-up work. This is a lonesome job on which a man works every night of the week by himself, and has copious time for reflection and observation of the ways of men, horses, and wild-life. During all the previous years he had been drawing, sketching, and modelling, mainly for the delectation of his friends. He now started painting as an avocation in Great Falls, Montana.

In 1896 he was married. Nancy C. Russell became a helpful and sympathetic partner, and soon assumed the role of practical manager of the family's affairs. This was a fortunate outcome for Russell, for he was of an open-handed nature, was characteristically care-free as a cowboy, and he cherished the camaraderie of his many friends, few of whom wore cloaks of false virtue, or side-stepped any reasonable excuse for a little celebration. He lived comfortably on the proceeds of his art work from the time he married until he died.

Russell did all his finest work in the period from 1895 to 1925. He excelled in

oil painting and modelling or sculpturing of miniature figures and groups. He also produced many fine black-line ink drawings. His few works in water colors are distinctive and faithfully drawn, but he did not depend much on this medium. The artist was not a profuse writer, and it was his fancy in responding to his correspondents to return illustrated notes to them. After his death the known recipients of many of these letters loaned them to Mrs. Russell to be edited and published in a book that is now widely known, and is titled simply *Good Medicine*.

No small part of Russell's contribution to the lore of the early West are the witty and whimsical stories he knew and told and which he was prevailed upon to write and illustrate for publication. These embrace the essence of the folk-talk of the early days when our country was the frontier. Two of these collections are *Trails Plowed Under* and *Rawhide Rawlin's Stories*.

Russell maintained a natural, honest, and direct attitude toward art and his part in recording the culture of his time. His modesty is best illustrated by an excerpt from a very short autobiography he wrote shortly before he died: "To have talent is no credit to its owner; what man can't help, he should get neither credit nor blame for—it's not his fault. I am an illustrator. There are lots better ones, but some worse. Any man that can make a living doing what he likes is lucky, and I'm that. Anytime I cash in now, I win."

During Russell's early to middle life, he drew and painted mainly to illustrate, and to depict the incidents and scenes that then appeared most interesting to him. In his later period, he felt the compulsion to record the typical things of the era that he felt was rapidly passing. Many of his

finest paintings were done in these later years and with this motive the underlying inspiration. In a short biography by Nancy C. Russell, in the preface to *Good Medicine*, this idea is well stated, and the artist's reaction to his times (1889) is explained:

"But the West was changing. Stage Coaches and steamboats carried the white people West, while the freighters with bull, mule and horse teams, played their great part in bringing what we call civilization to this Northwest Country.

"Charlie was here to see the change. He did not like the new, so started to record the old in ink, paint and clay. He liked the old ways best . . ."

In his painting and drawing, Russell was meticulous in recording interesting and typical details. Oldtimers viewing his pictures can name the makes and models of guns and rifles, saddles, bridle-bits, and all such material. The brands shown on livestock are actual brands that allow identification of the scene. The terrains and scenery that form the backgrounds for all of his pictures have been accurately sketched and in many instances the actual locality is easily recognized. His pictures of plains and foothills scenes are so faithfully portrayed that geologists conversant with the country can recognize and name the rock formations shown in the pictures.

Russell's greatest gift was his ability to depict violent or easy action in his figures

of horses, cattle, men, or wild creatures. Next was his appreciation and grasp of the coloration that is so vivid and beautiful in much of the typical Western scene. He had a natural knack for getting this color faithfully into his painted compositions.

His subject matter was the entire living scene that surrounded him. Most striking and most often depicted is the western horse in action, then range cattle, followed perhaps by pictures showing wild animals, grizzly bear, elk, bighorn sheep, buffalo, and wolves. He drew human subjects easily and well, and of these he painted mainly cowboys, Indians, hunters, and Mounted Police, but also included a good representation of all the other prevailing Western types.

Space is not available in this short essay on Russell to list or describe his individual works. He was a hard worker and probably produced over 200 completed canvasses. These are now avidly sought by collectors, and they command prices up to \$20,000.00. Lithographed reproductions of his work are, and have long been, favored as wall decorations in Western homes, from bunkhouse to mansion.

In his lifetime, Russell made a significant and unique contribution to the cultural record of North America. Appreciation of his work both as art and as historical record will be maintained as long as people of our race occupy this country.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. David M. Sullivan writes:

Mr. Morton's article in the January number, "Culture in the Little Places," reminds me that I visited Sangudo in 1943, about a year before the experiment began. The expansive and beautiful view of the Pembina Valley was equally attractive in 1943, but the community enterprise of the citizens, though latent, had not been effectively focussed. In June, 1943, the local restaurant was the chief community centre for young people, and the Oriental gentleman who owned and operated it was striving manfully but unsuccessfully to cope with the destructive tendencies of his adolescent visitors, just as his fellow countrymen do in many small towns and hamlets in this Province.

Sangudo is undeniably fortunate in having men and women who dabble in oils or edit a weekly paper, bankers who are willing to sell tickets of admission to a community-sponsored motion picture enterprise; store clerks who have hobbies and first hand acquaintance with arts and crafts. I think, too, that Sangudo is fortunate in having a man like Mr. Morton who can induce the station agent, the district agriculturist, the section man, the editor, the creamery employee, the school division secretary, and a host of others to work shoulder to shoulder for a community centre that provides opportunities for the growing boys and girls to develop their individuality in other ways than tying knots in spoons.

Mr. Morton's title for his article indicates that the culture is already present in the little places. Let us hope that more men and women will emulate him in drawing it out of its hiding places.

Miss E. N. Thompson writes:

I am glad there is an article on the loss of the poplars. The campus has a very brash look,

compared with the graciousness which the poplars gave it. I enjoyed Mrs. Mudiman's reminiscences of Pembina; she made me even more regretful that I had not had the opportunity of living in residence. However, it is your "mildly controversial" editorial on War Memorials which has made me wish to write this letter. There's no fun in starting a controversy unless someone rises to controvert—so here goes!*

My suggestion for a War Memorial for the University follows Dr. Shaner's proposal of a Memorial Day, but a day for the University only. A "properly observed" Memorial Day for the University could not be a day for decorating graves; a ceremony combining that of November 11th as practised by the University and by the Legislative Buildings (where a roll of drums for each name on the tablet is followed by the Last Post) could be devised. But let the day be a holiday from classes, so that the ceremony need not be squeezed in between one bell and the next.

I was surprised to learn that there were only a few at the last Memorial Day service. Those that I have attended, were always crowded to the doors. I remember very well your writing about such an occasion in the editorial, "Midwinter." I should not like to claim to be the one in a hundred who remembers what the Memorial Organ is for, but I honestly think you are mistaken in calling the Memorial Organ a lie. Perhaps the truth it speaks is not heard by everyone, but it is heard by many.

*We didn't start it!—Ed.

The last Memorial Day service was held on a Sunday. Perhaps the slim attendance was due to the necessity of making a special trip to the University. —Ed.

FELLOWSHIP IN CONSUMER ECONOMICS

Iowa State College offers an award of \$540.00 for the 9 month period, Sept. 16, 1946, to June 15, 1947, together with a reduction of \$45.00 a year in tuition and fees. The Fellow will be allowed to register for a full time graduate program but will be required to assist in an elementary economics course for the home economics women. Applications should be addressed to Professor Wm. G. Murray, Dept. of Economics and Sociology.

THE NEW TRAIL

A Quarterly Report of Campus Activities

An official publication of the University of Alberta and its Alumni Association. Any person interested in the University may subscribe at the rate of one dollar a year.

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Editorial

ON THE OTHER HAND

The Ivory Tower, if it ever existed, can exist no more. Its walls were vaporized with Hiroshima. The atomic bomb extends the community of the common man; for every man, everywhere, is now the father, son, brother, nephew, uncle, cousin, even the husband, of cannon fodder, of bomb dust.

Realization of this community has not been lost upon scientists of the world; they have acted manfully up to their new responsibility, trying to inform their fellows and their leaders concerning the perils of the future. And it would be strange if the University of Alberta, so many of whose scientists and graduates, as Dr. Walker has shown, have done their bit toward the development of atomic power, failed us at this moment. The Department of Physics on January 15, 22, 29, gave a series of three lectures to the public, with Professors Nichols, Gowan, and Scott on the rostrum. The subjects of these brilliant lectures were: "Atoms and Nuclei," "Splitting the Atom," and "The Atomic Bomb." On January 15, the Medical amphitheatre was packed to the roof, even after University students en masse courteously ceded their places to the public. For them, a repetition was arranged; and the second and third lectures were heard in Convocation Hall. Notable and heartening among the audiences was the large number of High School students present, for theirs is the world to come.

Public response to these lectures was so enthusiastic as to suggest that an annual series of public lectures on various subjects might meet with equal interest. If any adverse criticism is possible, it is that the series on Atomic Power was limited to one department. On this subject both Chemistry and Applied Science have something to say, and Political Economy and Philosophy have equal responsibility. It is for this reason that *The New Trail* while begging the Department of Physics to summarize the three lectures for us in two articles by Professors Gowan and Scott, also appealed to Dean Macdonald for an epilogue to his *Expanding Community* and to

Dr. Tracy for a timely lecture already given over CKUA. From Dr. Miller we begged a little sidelight on the story of atomic power, which emphasizes the worth of the individual man; and, finally, not to be too dreadfully solemn altogether, we reprint from *The Gateway* a pleasant *jeu d'esprit* by an Edmonton business man, Stanley Noel Smith, who is this year a special student at the University.

We trust the other contributors will forgive the apparent levity of this last remark. Dean Macdonald, with his philosophic calm, will have nothing to forgive; he is neither an apostle of hope nor a prophet of disaster, but calmly dissects the question and lays its bones before us. This dispassionate detachment which we so much admire, but cannot emulate, is itself almost more chilling to the blood than the franker and fully informed forebodings of Dr. Scott and Dr. Tracy; by all of them we are compelled to look intently into the face of things. What profit hath a man of all the labor wherein he laboreth under the sun?

The common man today knows what profit he has; and he knows what he wants and what he does not want. He wants peace, and he wants the fruits of a nine-hundred-year struggle for freedom and dignity. He wants opportunities for self-improvement, control of his environment, and fruitful leisure. He wants friendly intercourse among the nations. He wants the dignity of man recognized not as an empty, sterile phrase, but as a basic, elementary, essential, and meaningful fact with all manner of civilized implications and outcomes. He does not want a world half slave and half free, no matter what delectable form the bondage may take. He knows perfectly well that starvation in India, or even in Germany, does not attest the dignity of man. He knows perfectly well that he has emerged from the long black tunnel of six years of war—or is it thirty?—into darkness. He has kicked out the fires of fascism in Germany and Italy, but left them burning in Spain, fiercely burning in Argentina, with many embers smouldering elsewhere, even within the democratic nations. Britain and America are still imperialistic, if land-grabbers no longer, and Russia is a dread question. All these things the common man knows. He knows them well, better than his leaders imagine. And he knows perfectly well also that after nine hundred years, with Magna Carta and the Peasants Revolt, the American Revolution and the French Revolution, the Industrial Revolution and the Russian Revolution behind him, and blood enough to fill a Pacific, he still cannot translate his will into universal law and order. This is the essential tragedy of our times. But when we ask, with Dr. Scott and Dean Macdonald, whether more wars still must be fought, and if we are being pulled, willy-nilly, through further oceans of blood to Armageddon, and whether human life has no more meaning than an ultimate futility, or if it is to be extinguished as a foolish experiment on a planet given over to the beast, the common man says, *No!*

And the common man means to make it stick.

Let us estimate his chances. The first thing we notice is that the night of our day is by no means completely black. If it were only what Milton might call darkness visible, a phrase he did use in his description of Hell, it is at least by so much better than anything the world has known before, for the darkness after the last war was invisible to all but few. Even as late as Munich, the peoples of the world sat

in gross darkness, ignorant of the fact. The spread of literacy and the radio have done their job; in knowing where we stand, we are more blessed than any generation in history.

There is a second ground for hope in the fact that every war has forced greater and greater concessions to the cannon fodder—that is, to the common man. The young men and women who now crowd the University are a daily reminder even to those barely old enough to remember the last war, that the price of man has risen. The veteran is no longer hustled off to the town's end to beg through life; to this extent, at least, our leaders *are* responsive to public opinion. It comes to the point, if that point has not already been passed, when idiotic wars and wars of aggression become impossible to all but totalitarian regimes; and Germany, Italy, and the tottering sway of Franco are evidence that totalitarianism cannot survive in the air of the twentieth century.

The air of the twentieth century is a free air, and radio speaks around the world. The recent decision of BBC to beam a daily broadcast to Russia is a matter of the highest importance; and if Russia retaliates in kind, increasing her present radio service to the world, that will be equally important. Whether any individual or regime may like it or not, it is one world now, and no part of it can be hermetically sealed. When truth can come to grips with falsehood, the chances of the common man improve.

A fourth hope is UNO. Granted that some of the conferences have reached the level of name-calling and "You're another," name-calling is at least a wholesome business; it destroys pretences. In the day of Kipling and his "lesser breeds without the law," one would have supposed that God spoke English only, but all that nonsense is stripped away, hypocrisy vanishes, and after a healthy bout of name-calling only the genuine goodness of the great heart of England remains, naked and unashamed. And we can call names too, to equally good effect. The essential fact emerges that secret diplomacy is dead, or at least dying; the common man can stick out his chest and stride to his objectives.

Further, the multiplicity of conferences, on food, on banking, on relief, on trade and commerce, on all manner of subjects, show a new mood of co-operation between the nations such as mankind has never known before—and every one of these conferences is conducted beneath a daylight lamp before the eyes of the world.

Finally, a fifth card and a trump in the hand of the common man is the trial of German war criminals. Under what law are these men tried? There is no law. The laws are being formulated after the fact by the shocked conscience of the world. But law implies government. Where is the government? There is none. Can we make the punishment stick for these crimes against humanity? Nobody doubts it. What we are doing in these war trials is bringing in by the back door that world authority, that world government which we cannot squeeze through the front door. One morning we shall wake up to find that we have one world in form as well as in fact, one family of nations, one freely elected governing body—and war shall be no more.

If federation of the world is too high a present hope, there is still the fact that for the first time in history men guilty of fomenting war and of brutality are being

punished not merely by defeat or revenge, but by impartial tribunals. The fate of these criminals may not deter Hitlers and Mussolinis of the future, but to the rank and file of their followers, the memory of Nurnberg will bring a paralyzing chill. Atomic war or other, they will always wonder if they might not fail of world conquest—aid if they fail, kaput! The Hitlers of tomorrow may well call legions from the vasty deep, but will they come when they do call for them?

The Editor belongs to that generation that was catapulted out of the horse-and-buggy age into the tragic century, world war, and embitterment. To men of this generation it is as natural to dread the future as it is for Russia to suspect the democracies—and with equal reason. Nevertheless, if the gates of a new and decent world have not at last been pried ajar, if we are doomed to further futility and waste and slaughter, oh, then, Heaven mocks itself. Hope is a form of prayer; and the universal hope of the common man is peace and order. Surely the God who loves the common man—He made so many of us!—cannot resist that universal appeal. He will raise up leaders to free us even from the bondage of our past.

F. M. S.

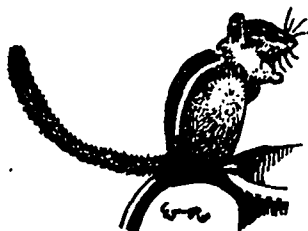
THE UNIVERSITY WAR MEMORIAL

The Memorial Committee has decided that the University War Memorial shall take the form of scholarships to enable worthy students to come to the University. Precedence will be given to children of veterans.

The decision once made, it is now necessary to get to work. Too much time has already been lost. True, everyone is inordinately busy; nevertheless, other universities have already raised millions for various projects. It need hardly be pointed out that a day now is worth two weeks or a month later when ears have been dulled by many appeals and when the war itself becomes to many only a distant unhappy dream.

Nor should we set our sights too low. As long as there is a single worthy boy or girl in Alberta to whom the University is a futile dream, the Province is not a fit place to fight for or live in. As long as there is a single boy or girl with the needed qualifications to whom we fail to give every opportunity, so long shall we have failed to keep faith with those who fought for a decent world. But let us not speak in negative fashion: the cause is a positive cause and the best of all possible ones, to raise up generation after generation of clear-thinking, wholesome, well-trained men and women in the place and in the name of those who will not come back. Deeds, not words, must be our motto; when we say, "Their name liveth forevermore," let us speak the words with the knowledge that every ounce of truth that can be put into them locally, has been put in.

F. M. S.



the chipmunk

"Well, my lads, before I sign off I want to say one thing—and you may take it as propaganda or what you like, but it is true: I have never asked anyone from the President down to do one of these Chipmunks for you or to help in mailing it, who has hesitated a second or refused. Things have not been so easy on this particular bit of the home front during the war, and we have had a few casualties that are just as much war casualties as any others, but not one single person has ever grumbled about this job—and to some of them the writing of a letter is a real chore. I wish you would remember that, and when you come back and perhaps find some professors pretty sour in the classroom, give them the benefit of the doubt. Their hearts are in the right places.

"Good-bye, good luck, and a speedy return home."

With these words the thirteenth and last of the monthly Chipmunks closes. We take this opportunity to thank all those who have helped month by month to get this "monthly news letter from the Campus to the University Overseas" written, mimeographed, folded, enveloped, sealed, stamped, and into the mails. The prime movers in this venture were Dr. Gordon and Dr. Sheldon, both of whom, though burdened with many duties, remained faithful to this chore to the end. At the beginning nearly a thousand of these letters went overseas every month—forty dollars in postage alone!—but the number has now dwindled to less than fifty. From the University Overseas have come hundreds of letters of appreciation, and we are only sorry that the scheme did not start earlier. How we could have managed the expense earlier, we do not know; we would have done it anyway.

The death of Harold William Riley on January 1 broke another of the links between the present and the earliest days of the University. Mr. Riley was our first Registrar. He was a genial, kindly man with a keen sense of humor and a gift for mimicry. In several capacities he served the Province well.

Elsewhere in this issue we notice the deaths of G. F. L. Manning, Dr. Gordon Gray, and Harry Lister, reminders of the impermanence of human lives and of the paradox that the work of our hands outlives the builder. All of these men have real places in the history of the University.

On January 5, the second last special accelerated convocation was held. Dr. A. C. Rankin, who received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, gave the convocation address. William Donald Albright, until recently Director of the Dominion Experimental Station at Beaverlodge, received the same honorary degree.

More than four hundred new students registered in January, increasing to nearly twelve hundred the number of students who will be ready for the second year in September. This is three times the normal number. At the same time, fifteen hundred veterans have indicated an intention to enter as Freshmen in September. This figure does not take into consideration the normal and increasing tide of civilian students, some of whom were denied entrance last fall.

The Legislature, however, has passed the largest University budget in history, amounting to \$825,000. A further amount of \$415,000 has been dedicated to the building program. It is proposed to begin by extending the wings of the Medical building so as to give space to

departments that are now seriously cramped and handicapped in that building. The Library will come later. Among other projects being discussed is a laboratory to house processing and technical facilities for the national blood transfusion service of the Red Cross.

The New Trail regrets to learn of the resignation of Clem L. King, Executive Assistant to the President, and our own Business Manager. Ideally gifted for his work as the first executive assistant to the President in the history of the University, Mr. King is blessed with tact, humor, and abundant many-sided ability. He has been working at such speed and under such pressure as few men could endure; and his departure places many of us under a distinct sense of loss. He is to become National Secretary and Director of Research for the Dominion Association of Chartered Accountants, a position in which he will again blaze new trails. His headquarters will be in Toronto.

We regret also the resignation of Dr. A. W. Matthews who has been Head of the Department of Pharmacy for several years. He has become Research Director for the United Rexall Drug Co. He also will live in Toronto—Toronto alumni please note. He is popular among students, interested in many things, including sport, and is full of energy and ideas. When these two men, King and Matthews, hit the effete east, we shall expect our Toronto branch to hum.

Scripture tells us not to think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think, and we do try to live up to the advice. Our readers constantly bombard our modesty, however, with letters of appreciation; and we are not ashamed of the fact that for every alumnus in good standing when *The New Trail* began three and a half years ago, there are now twenty. We shall not begin to crow, however, until the number is at least doubled again. If it is matter for sadness that thousands of graduates are still unaware of our existence, to be ignored on the campus itself fetches us a blow to the solar plexus. Such a blow was the disclosure by *The Daily Albertan* and other newspapers of Operation Habbakuk.

Habbakuk was the project of building a floating airdrome out of blocks of ice. The airdrome was to be three times the size of the

largest flat-top vessels, and a model sixty feet long, thirty feet wide, and weighing a thousand tons was built at Patricia Lake, near Jasper, and maintained for a year and a half. At the University itself, within reach of thousands of passers-by, all manner of experiments were carried out concerning the structural values of ice and its ability to withstand stresses and strains. The men whose scientific knowledge and skill brought success to this experiment and credit to the University, were Professors I. F. Morrison and L. A. Thorssen. We are proud of them.

We remain a little wistful, however, to think how long it takes to gain recognition as a "Quarterly report of campus activities."

A Western Board of Music has been formed, composed of deputy ministers of education in the western provinces, western university presidents, and the heads of university departments of music. This board will presumably take over work hitherto done by the Toronto Conservatory in the west. The first chairman is Dr. Newton, the first secretary, Professor Reymes-King.

The Department of Fine Arts now offers courses in music, art, and drama for credit toward the B.A. degree both in the University proper and at Banff Summer School. The degree of Bachelor of Music is also being worked out.

A degree course in physical education is also being arranged under the leadership of Professor van Vliet.

There has been more life on the campus this year than during the war. The annual play was again performed on March 4, 5, 6, this time a play by a graduate, Gwen Pharis Ringwood, and dealing with an Alberta topic, the Calgary Stampede. It was well received both in Convocation Hall and at Calgary. With the play, the University Orchestra, under Professor Reymes-King, made its debut.

Students of this University have taken the lead in the creation of a Western Dramatic League, and held this year on February 1, 2, the first annual inter-university drama festival. Next January the University of British Columbia will act as host.

The University Chorus sang to full houses at McDougall church on January 21, 22, and

had equal success in Calgary. There is a hint in the air that some members of the chorus may tour other cities in the summer. They do a splendid job that is worth far more than the price of admission.

So everywhere—in hockey, basketball, outdoor sports, and in all manner of clubs and societies—life and activity return to the campus. When the campaign came along to raise money for World Student Relief, the old campus spirit blossomed again, and all manner of tricks and stunts were used, from selling kisses—they looked tempting at a distance—to a full-length floor show at the gaily decorated "Club 400." Club 400 was known during the war as the Air Force drill hall where many a weary student after a full day of lectures pounded the cement with boots more likely to "wear out the everlasting flint" than the slippers of Club 400's light-foot dancers. The objective of the campaign was \$2500; the amount raised was \$4000.

Prominent in campus affairs always is CURMA, the Canadian Universities Returned Men's Association, prominent and wholesome. Next year's *Gateway* Editor, T. H. Ford, and next year's President of the Students' Union, Bill Pybus, are both veterans.

The veterans of this war seem to be an improvement upon their fathers. Many of the Faculty are themselves graduates of the last war and therefore have a basis for judgment. They find that the CURMA lads are good students bent on making up lost time. They look after each other, too, and conduct their affairs with manly intelligence and independence. They have a credit union, a housing bureau, and a guidance clinic. The housing bureau had a look inside every house in Garneau, searching for nooks and corners to squeeze in more occupants. They have done a splendid job; they mean business, and they get it done. And they refuse to be pushed around: when it was proposed to shift classes and living quarters to the U.S. airport, they went on strike! Since they refused to move, here we all are on the campus together, piled several deep in the residences, like the old woman who lived in a shoe with her many children.

We trust we shall not offend other advertisers if we single out one of them for comment! The *Alberta Folklore Quarterly*, pub-

lished "under the provisions of the Alberta Folklore and Local History Project," has now reached Volume II, Number 1. Begun by Robert E. Gard, the *Quarterly* is now edited by Philip H. Godsell, F.R.G.S. We have always envied its attractive covers. When the *Quarterly* was born, we greeted it with sisterly affection; from the august height of our own fourth year, we now congratulate it upon having survived the perils of infancy. Although we feel that the word folklore is widely abused and that the *Quarterly* really ought to define the term, and although we feel that the *Quarterly* would be well advised to lean rather more heavily upon "local history," we must confess that we find our young sister an entertaining child and would like to commend it to a wide audience.

After the usual attacks upon administration and professors during the year, attacks which annually make one think this would be a splendid University if only there were no Board of Governors, no Senate, no President, no Deans, no Provost, and no professors—and we could certainly do without the Bursar!—*The Gateway* astonished us on March 15 with an editorial encomium entitled, "University Not Slipping." This was a spirited reply to a member of the Legislature who made some remarks about the University in a speech on another subject. *The Gateway* bristled to the attack, went in breathing fire, and atomized him; and everybody, from the Chairman of the Board of Governors down to the hired hands at the University Farm can once more walk erect. The moral seems to be that here on the campus we are just one great happy family, wrangling and vituperative, but let outsiders beware! The Professors are asses, the President is a dummkopf, the Provost—words fail us!—but if an outsider ventures to remark that it sometimes rains in Garneau, we turn like tigers and rend him.

With this assurance that all is well on the campus, the Chipmunk flicks his tail and turns to read neglected senior term essays. These are engaging and remarkable productions whose authors, for the most part, are never to be sufficiently condemned. But since the *Gateway* assures us that the University is Not Slipping, we shall keep the Pyrene [adv't] handy to smother the fires of wrath.

In Memoriam

HENRY GEORGE LISTER

Harry Lister died on January 12. This will be sad news to many hundreds of former students who knew him as the genial head janitor of the University's teaching buildings.

Henry George Lister was born in June, 1879, at Hingham, Norfolk, England. He came to Canada in 1912 and joined his brother Reg. in the employ of the University of Alberta. He worked on the building of Assiniboia Hall, and when that hall was opened in 1913 became its janitor. Athabasca and Assiniboia Halls were at that time the only University buildings; in them students lived and in them were conducted the teaching and administration. When the Arts Building was opened in 1915, Harry Lister was moved there, and eventually with the opening of other buildings for lectures and laboratories, his responsibility was widened. Ill health forced his retirement in 1939.

In his last years Harry was a cripple, both legs having been amputated, but friends who saw him in fine weather propelling his wheel-chair along the sidewalk always found him cheerful. He lived near the University. Among his neighbors were Dr. Pope and Dr. Lord, and it was one of Harry's favorite jokes that he was sure of going to Heaven because he saw the Pope and the Lord every day. In spite of failing eyesight, he got keen enjoyment from a game of cards till the very end, and few were those who could beat him. An annual treat of which his handicap was not allowed to rob him was an afternoon at the horse-races in the Edmonton Exhibition, whither friends transported him, wheel-chair and all, in a transfer van. Friends also saw to it that, in spite of war-time drouth, he had his nightly bottle of beer. He enjoyed life to the end.

It is pleasant to know that last Christmas was Harry's happiest in some years, made happy by the re-uniting of a family separated by the war. His death came peacefully and without pain soon after he had been playing with one of his grandchildren. He was pre-deceased by his wife some years ago, and is survived by two sons and six daughters.

In estimating the influence of presidents, professors, and others on the spirit of the University, we should not neglect to give full credit to Harry Lister's unifying good humor.

J. T. JONES.

GORDON CAMERON GRAY, F.A.C.S., F.R.S.C.(C.)

On the evening of February 12, Dr. Gordon C. Gray passed from our midst after an illness of about eight weeks, at the comparatively early age of sixty-one years. These years included many of service given to his patients and to his fellow citizens of Edmonton, from the time he commenced the practice of medicine and surgery here until he made his last hospital rounds on the forenoon of December 17.

Born in Lambton County, Ontario, in 1884, Dr. Gray graduated in medicine from the University of Toronto in 1907, a gold medallist in his class. Following graduation, he spent a year or more at Bellevue Hospital, New York City, doing postgraduate work in surgery. He then spent a year in Europe visiting the surgical clinics of London, Edinburgh, Vienna, and Paris.

Shortly after his return to Canada, his wanderings brought him to Edmonton, and having decided to locate here, he opened an office in 1913. At that time the University of Alberta was still young, and the first class in Medicine was enrolled in that year. Dr. Gray and Dr. J. A. MacPherson were early demonstrators in Anatomy, and we feel certain that the medical students of these early years have not yet forgotten the clear-cut, exact, and practical anatomical demonstrations it was their privilege to attend.

During the session of 1916-17 Dr. Gray and Dr. W. A. Wilson gave the first lectures in Surgery in this University. From that time onwards, Dr. Gray held the position of Clinical Professor of Surgery. His clinical lectures were noted for an exact, up-to-date knowledge of his subject, practical applications, and an insistence on thoroughness. At all times he gave of his best to his patients and to his students, and was impatient of less than the best from others.

Since 1941, he had carried a heavy surgical practice during anxious days and months. His oldest son, Gordon, a medical officer with the Quebec Royal Rifles, was taken prisoner at Hong Kong on Christmas Day of that year. His second son, Ross, was a Wing Commander in the famed City of Edmonton Intruder Squadron, operating in the European zone. Eventually, both sons came safely home last fall, and he expressed his gratitude and thankfulness that they should return when so many others were missing. It is likely, however, that the work and strain of these years had undermined his health. He had infrequently admitted during the past year that he sometimes felt very tired. But even so, he carried on and continued to give of his skill and strength right up to his last working day. There is a question whether Dr. Gray, and others of the medical profession who have passed on recently, have not been war casualties here at home.

From tributes to his skill and helpfulness and expressions of feelings of personal loss and bereavement, heard from his patients in all walks of life since his passing, we appreciate more and more that he was to them not only a trusted physician, but also a counsellor and friend.

N. J. MINISH.

G. F. L. MANNING

The activities of a man's daily life are surely an evidence of his philosophy of living. Not only the activities themselves but the attitudes of mind towards those activities are indications of his conception of life itself with its purposes and ideals of service. To have been associated with Mr. Manning was indeed a rare opportunity and privilege. One consciously and unconsciously marked in him the sense of duty, which was boundless, the recognition of a task to be well done and finished with pride, and the ability to give wise counsel.

To those who have enjoyed fellowship with Mr. Manning through the years in the work of Elementary Education in Alberta the loss seems irreparable. So great was his vision and his understanding of the needs of young teachers that he never spared himself in his endeavors to reach towards the best training for all students to prepare them adequately to teach the children for whom they would be responsible. When his words were heard in the deliberations of a council, they were known to be carefully considered and well-balanced—his good judgment a result of the clearness and integrity of his thinking.

The loss to students in his kindly and sympathetic guidance is great; the loss to his colleagues is deep because they realize how much he was needed at this special time of re-organization of teacher-training; the loss to the Province is immeasurable, in whose service his courtesy, his wisdom, and his ideals will be sadly missed for long years. His memory will be among

"The names of those who in their lives fought for life,
Who wore at their hearts the fire's centre.
Born of the sun they travelled a short while towards the sun,
And left the vivid air signed with their honor."

OLIVE M. FISHER.



University Press Releases

January 5, 1946.

Report to "Med-Dent" Convocation By Robert Newton

This is the last Convocation arising out of the wartime accelerated programme in Dentistry. There is one more to come in Medicine, in October of this year, but the students who will graduate then are now spending their fifth year as undergraduate internes in hospital, where they will receive during the coming summer only the amount of clinical instruction normal to peacetime conditions. Therefore the heavy programme of year-round teaching which characterized acceleration is now finished. It is appropriate then to look for a moment at the results.

There have been five accelerated courses in Dentistry, with the following gains in time of making their services available to the country, particularly to the Armed Forces:

- 14 students gained 5 months
- 8 students gained 9 months
- 14 students gained 12 months
- 11 students gained 17 months
- 7 students gained 21 months

The gain is progressive because the first class began acceleration in its senior year and so saved only one summer. The last class saved four summers.

Medicine started accelerating a year earlier, and because of the greater length of the course will by next October have graduated seven accelerated classes, with the following gains:

- 47 students gained 2 months
- 33 students gained 4 months
- 35 students gained 9 months
- 36 students gained 12 months
- 32 students gained 16 months
- 20 students gained 16 months
- (The class graduating tonight)
- 22 students gained 20 months

The identity of gain between the class graduating tonight and that which graduated a year ago is explained by the switch from a

6-year to a 5-year curriculum in Medicine. A year ago the last 6-year class graduated and tonight the first 5-year class graduates. Our curriculum in Medicine, beginning with senior matriculation, now consists of 2 sessions, each 7½ months, in Arts for Medicine, 4 sessions of 8½ months in Medicine on the campus, and one session of 12 months undergraduate internship in hospital.

The accelerated programme was hard upon students and staff alike. Both groups suffered from fatigue, and the students suffered from lack of time in which to assimilate their learning. It has occasionally been suggested that universities should make better use of their expensive buildings and equipment by eliminating the long summer break and operating regularly the year round. Our experience, and that of other universities, with wartime acceleration shows how unwise such a change would be. But as an emergency measure it was amply justified by the figures I have reported.

I should remind you that the full-time staff of the faculties concerned volunteered to undertake year-round teaching with no extra pay, an example of practical patriotism which deserves to be remembered.

Now we are in the midst of another emergency which must be met by similar measures. Students demobilized from the Armed Forces are flooding in upon us. In common with all the larger Canadian universities, we have agreed to admit them three times a year, in September, January, and May, in order that they may not lose any unnecessary time in completing their education. Figures circulated by the Department of Veterans Affairs show that over 15,000 student veterans entered Canadian universities in 1945; and that Department estimates approximately the same enrollment by this group in 1946.

Our share of returned students in September, 1945, amounted to 850. This week some 500 more enrolled for a session extending from

January to August. Including this group there are now about 3,275 full-session students registered in the University, of whom 154 are in the Calgary branch of the Faculty of Education. The previous peak was in 1939-40, when the corresponding number at Edmonton was about 1,900. It is not impossible that by next fall we shall have double that number. That would represent three times the number of students in the University when the last permanent building erected on the campus was opened in 1921.

The summer school, too, is growing rapidly. Last summer we had 1,477 students at Edmonton, 34 at Calgary, and 422 at Banff. Since the group of 500 veterans which came in this week will stay through the summer, and we expect to start in May a special summer term for other veterans demobilized between now and then, since also the regular summer school is not likely to fall below its 1,500 figure of last year, it can be seen that this campus will be a busy, crowded place all the year round.

We are meeting the immediate emergency by adding a large number of sessional instructors to our staff, by using all the temporary accommodation we can secure, and by running teaching schedules from eight in the morning till ten at night. Again, it is hard on both staff and students, but the needs of the returned men and women must be met, and they are rewarding us by proving themselves serious, capable students. Some 150 civilian students we were obliged to turn away last fall, asking them to defer their entry for a year or so in favour of these returned students who had been obliged in many cases to postpone their university education for several years.

But what student body should we be preparing to receive five and ten years hence? Already we have taken into the freshman year far more students than we can carry through the senior years with their more exacting requirements in regard to laboratory accommodation and equipment, which cannot be met by improvisation. A permanent building programme is an immediate necessity, and we should not set our sights too low. After the last war, without any Dominion Government assistance to returned students, there was a great upsurge in university registration which, though it slackened off, never disappeared in this University until the Second Great War intervened. The corresponding growth this time is

accentuated by Dominion help to veterans, and there may be a temporary recession after a few years. But the long-term trend is certain to be upward, and we should be prepared for a university of 5,000 students by the end of ten years.

The financial burden will be heavy for a population of 800,000 people to carry. For certain buildings required, such as a gymnasium, a sports stadium, and a students union, we must depend largely on private enterprise, particularly on the part of students and alumni, as is customary in practically all universities, whether publicly or privately supported institutions. Certain other buildings, such as a chemical engineering laboratory and an animal science laboratory, would amply justify the private support of industries depending upon the natural resources of the Province which such laboratories would greatly aid in developing. But for straight academic buildings, such as a library and teaching laboratories, we must look to the people of this Province through its Government and Legislature.

Our potential wealth, both material and cultural, can never be realized without the aid of higher education. I therefore appeal confidently for adequate planning and generous support.

Saturday, January 12, 1946

The Board of Governors held its regular quarterly meeting on Friday, January 11, under the chairmanship of Mr. Justice Parlee. Other members present were: Mr. Justice Frank Ford, Chancellor, Dr. R. Newton, President; Dr. G. F. McNally, Deputy Minister of Education; Mr. Justice Hugh John Macdonald, President of the Alumni Association, Dr. W. H. Swift, Vice-President of the Alumni Association; Hon. Chief Judge Lucien Dubuc; Mrs. Edna May Browne, Mr. J. C. Mahaffy; Mr. O. C. McIntyre, Dr. E. P. Scarlett; Mr. A. West, Secretary; and Mr. C. L. King, Executive Assistant to the President.

The main business concerned the estimates for 1946-47, which were prepared for submission to the Government.

The Board accepted with regret the resignation of Dr. A. W. Matthews as Director of the School of Pharmacy. A graduate of the University of Alberta in 1921, with post-graduate training here and at the University of Florida, and an instructor on the staff of the

University of Alberta since 1923, Dr. Matthews rose to be Director of the School of Pharmacy in 1942. During the last two years he has been directing the research programme of the United-Rexall Drug Company, with headquarters in Toronto, and that work has developed to a point requiring his full-time attention. There is also need of his presence in Toronto to further the interests of the newly formed Canadian Foundation for the Advancement of Pharmacy, in which he is Chairman of the Committee on Pharmaceutical Education and Research. During his directorship of the University of Alberta School of Pharmacy, Dr. Matthews fostered active co-operation with the Alberta Pharmaceutical Association which is now actively interested in the School. He leaves behind him in Alberta many friends and appreciative students, the latter serving the needs of pharmacy in all parts of the province. The Board of Governors placed on record a formal resolution of thanks and appreciation to Dr. Matthews, and expressed the hope that he may find satisfaction and success in his new work.

The following appointments were approved by the Board. P. F. Knowles, Assistant Professor of Plant Science, A. A. Ryan, Sessional Lecturer in English and Warden of Assiniboia Hall, J. B. Reesor, Sessional Instructor in Chemistry, A. A. Robertson, Sessional Instructor in Chemistry, J. M. Casault, Sessional Instructor in Civil Engineering; C. R. Stelck, Sessional Instructor in Geology, E. L. Whitney, Sessional Instructor in Mathematics; Mrs. F. Owen, Sessional Instructor in French and German; H. de Savoye, Sessional Instructor in French, A. J. Filmer, Sessional Instructor in Physics, J. G. Weeks, Sessional Instructor in Physics; Dr. C. B. Rich, Lecturer in Clinical Medicine, Dr. G. I. Bell, Instructor in Clinical Medicine; Dr. E. H. Donald, Instructor in Clinical Medicine, Dr. F. G. Elliott, Lecturer in Clinical Medicine; Dr. Eleanor S. Keeping, Sessional Lecturer in Mycology.

Dr. P. F. Knowles graduated from the University of Saskatchewan with Great Distinction, and took post-graduate training in that institution and at the University of California. He is expected to return shortly from the Canadian Army Overseas, in which he holds the rank of Captain.

Major A. A. Ryan, a former instructor in the University, has just been discharged from

the Canadian Army, and has returned to help out during the rehabilitation period.

Mr. H. de Savoye retired some years ago from his position in the University Department of Modern Languages, but has come to the aid of the University in the present emergency.

Mr. Charles R. Stelck, a graduate of this University, has been loaned to us temporarily by the Geological Department of the Imperial Oil Company.

Mrs. Francis Owen, a graduate of the University and a former high school teacher, is similarly helping out.

With the exceptions of the appointments in Medicine, which are on a part-time basis, most of the other appointees are fairly recent graduates of this institution who have agreed to help with the teaching programme during the rehabilitation period.

The Board accepted gratefully from Mrs. Catherine Boomer, mother of the late Dr. E. H. Boomer, a gift of his technical library. The Board was pleased to be informed of a gift from the Ladies Auxiliary, Canadian Dental Corps, of \$200 for two scholarships in Dentistry.

Monday, February 25, 1946

New Appointments

The Board of Governors has approved the following new appointments for next session:

Miss Maimie S. Simpson, who is at present giving half-time service to the University and half-time to the Edmonton Public School Board, is to become a full-time member of the staff. She will continue to devote half her time to the work of the Faculty of Education. Her remaining time will be devoted to the duties of Adviser to Women Students. Miss Hazel McIntyre, who has given such excellent service as Adviser to Women Students, desires to return to full-time teaching in Household Economics.

Dr. C. F. Bentley, a graduate of this University and of the University of Minnesota, who is now on the staff of the University of Saskatchewan, has been appointed Assistant Professor of Soils.

Mr. J. R. Murray and Mr. B. E. Riedel, both of whom expect shortly to be discharged from the Armed Forces, have been appointed Sessional Instructors in Pharmacy. Mr. R. G.

Christianson, who expects to graduate in Honors Chemistry this spring, has been appointed Sessional Instructor in Chemistry.

War Memorial

Shortly after VJ-Day the Board of Governors set up a special committee to advise with respect to a suitable memorial to the men and women of the University who gave their lives in the Second Great War. This committee had the following membership:

Professor J. M. MacEachran, Chairman; Hon. Mr. Justice Hugh John Macdonald, representing the Alumni Association; Professor R. K. Gordon, representing the academic staff; Mr. A. West, representing the non-academic staff, Professor J. Reymes-King, representing the Memorial Organ Committee; Mr. Ron Helmer, representing the Students' Union; Mr. Kenneth Crockett, representing CURMA; Mr. G. B. Taylor, secretary.

The committee held a number of meetings, during which it received and considered the following proposals: a professorship of peace, proposed by a group of students; a memorial gymnasium, proposed by the Students' Union; a student loan fund, proposed by the Alumni Association; a scholarship fund, proposed by CURMA. The committee has now recommended unanimously in favour of a scholarship fund. Three-quarters of this fund is to be invested to provide permanently for scholarships, and the remainder is to be available for immediate use. Priority in the award of scholarships will be given to children of war veterans. The Executive Committee of the Board of Governors has accepted this report, and expressed high appreciation of the painstaking care with which the committee has discharged its duties.

Saturday, March 9, 1946

The Board of Governors has approved the following appointments:

Miss Helen E. Penhale, of the Institute of Public Health, University of Western Ontario, has been appointed Director of the School of Nursing, in succession to Miss Agnes J. Macleod, who resigned on returning from active

service to become Matron-in-Chief for the Department of Veterans Affairs. Miss Penhale, a native of St. Thomas, Ontario, received her nursing training at Mt. Sinai School of Nursing, New York, and various other American hospitals, with post-graduate training at Columbia University. She is well known in Edmonton, having taught for two sessions in our University summer school for graduate nurses. Miss Penhale expects to report for duty about the first of August.

Dr. C. Sansom, for many years a member of the staff of the Calgary Normal School, was appointed Acting Director, Faculty of Education, Calgary, for the balance of the current session, in succession to the late G. F. Manning.

Mr. H. G. Glyde was appointed Associate Professor of Art from September 1, 1946. Mr. Glyde has been for many years head of the art department of the Institute of Technology and Art in Calgary. He has also been senior instructor in art at the University School of Fine Arts at Banff, and has given part-time service to the University in a variety of ways for a number of years. His appointment completes the initial staff of the University Department of Fine Arts, to which Mr. Risk was posted from the Department of Extension a year ago as Lecturer in Drama, and to which Professor Reymes-King was appointed last fall to be in charge of music.

Miss Lilian Leversedge, a graduate of this University, was appointed Assistant in the Library. She will report for duty immediately upon the completion of her course at Toronto University, where she expects to secure the degree of Bachelor of Library Science this spring.

Dr. J. G. Elliott and Dr. R. Clare were appointed Instructor in Clinical Medicine and Assistant Instructor in Radiology respectively. Mr. E. J. Hanson, a graduate student in Political Economy, was appointed Sessional Instructor in that subject beginning September 1. Mr. R. W. Ross, one of our own graduates in Political Economy, was also appointed Sessional Instructor for next year.

Thirty-One Years*

By A. C. RANKIN

When I first arrived in Edmonton during the summer of 1914 and found myself quartered alone in the east wing of Assiniboia Hall, I was not altogether happy at first and had no perception of the interesting and successful future in store for the University and the Faculty of Medicine. That was thirty-one years ago in the days when there were only two buildings on the campus and these more or less surrounded by bush. One could not, however, but be influenced by Dr. Tory's personality and enthusiasm; and even if he did take me to inspect the turnips and actually ate and offered me some, I began there and then to have some glimmerings of the potentialities of the future. Dr. Tory had invigilated when I wrote matriculation examinations for McGill University, and my remembrances of him were associated with that exciting episode very far removed indeed from a field of young turnips basking in the sunshine of University Avenue. One can only think with gratitude of this very humane man to whom we owe so much.

I played golf with the late Dr. Lehmann, cut big holes in the turf on the Municipal links, canoed with Dr. Charlie Robb on Lac St. Anne, and took over from Dr. Revell who was most kind and considerate the relatively light duties of the Provincial Laboratory then housed in four rooms in the basement of Athabasca Hall.

As the first World War took me away on four hours' notice within three months of my arrival, I had little opportunity of meeting many of my future confreres in the University who, indeed, were apparently in those days not on duty in the summer months and the majority of whom in consequence were out of the city sojourning in foreign parts. This was a pleasant

post-war experience not, however, entirely separated from wonder in some instances but wholly satisfactory, nevertheless, in all cases. Who could have become acquainted with these good fellows, some of whom are, alas, not now with us, without experiencing feelings of pleasure, and who could have been received with kindness and courtesy amongst them without feelings of comfort and respect. During the war, Dr. Heber Jamieson, one of the remaining originals who is still active and who for so many years has served the University so faithfully, was the mainstay of the University. He it was who masked the citizens of Edmonton with so much discomfort to smokers during the Spanish flu.

Dr. Revell as the first Professor of Anatomy, laid wise foundations; and Dr. Collip in the absence of Dr. Mosier, the first Professor of Physiology, in command of an Edmonton field ambulance in Europe, administered the department of Physiology, and taught Biochemistry. These early years are full of interest but are not within my personal experience. To those who took part in them, including Dr. Gordon Gray, belongs the credit of the accomplishments and in this respect we must most gratefully remember those members of the Faculty of Arts and Science who helped mark the course and sat at the council table with Dr. Tory no doubt drumming his fingers at its head, and making his own wise decisions usually subsequently. Collip has gone to wider fields and great achievement, nevertheless leaving some of the distinction of his accomplishments to the faculty. Revell, now professor emeritus, is not too far away to be able to keep an interested eye on our doings, and Dr. Mosier is remembered as one who made the supreme sacrifice on the battle field in France. On my return in October, 1919, I found the Arts Building and

*This talk was made by Dean Rankin at a dinner of the Faculty of Medicine in his honor last January.—Ed.

Pembina Hall as additions to the University and most of the departmental staffs housed in the new Power House. So commenced the developments of the past quarter of a century during which it has been my privilege to have been associated with you. Over these pioneering years we have been most fortunate in many respects. Dr. Tory's foresight in making early provision for the Medical Building and hospital facilities and the very generous gift from the Rockefeller Foundation gave us the accommodation and prestige so essential in those times.

Some of you may not know of a dramatic incident which took place in the President's office when the then Premier of the province proposed the abandonment of the faculty as a measure of retrenchment in government expenditure and was handed the Rockefeller cheque which had arrived only that morning.

Of great importance, however, has been the personnel of the faculty. I think our experience has been unique in this respect. We have always pulled together and have been most happy in our departmental heads who, with the backing of enthusiastic staffs, have led by example and professional integrity now, indeed, so well repaid by the achievements of our graduates. Dr. Mewburn ("the Colonel") has left the influence of a delightful and outstanding character. He was never influenced by any motives other than a desire to lead and teach the student towards the maintenance of professional integrity in practice. He is there in the entrance hall for posterity to see. Dr. Pope ("the holy father") still near us, whose example, character, and professional prominence contributed so much to the moulding of our product and the nature of our daily relationships, and Dr. Conn, whose unfortunate and untimely end brought forth such a wonderful expression of appreciation of his teaching and influence from the student body and his confreres of the faculty, and last but not least such men as

Munro, Wilson, Emerson Smith, Blais, Claud Jamieson, and the late Drs. C. W. Hurlburt, J. D. Harrison, R. B. Wells, and Harold Vango—in such men we have been fortunate. Yes, we have been fortunate and must thank the heads of the University and the governing body, all of whom have given wise guidance and effective support and have shown constant interest in our struggles and achievements. I cannot name those who are still on the active list for, if I took the pleasure of giving credit to all, I would have to exceed the time which this occasion seems to suggest. They made no less a contribution, and it is comforting that they are still here to continue the policies and methods of the Faculty and to teach and influence the students of the future. We are deeply indebted to the heads and staffs of our pre-clinical departments for many years of patient endeavour and to the heads and staffs of our major and special clinical departments, all professionally prominent, for many improvements and innovations in clinical teaching. These gentlemen have given of their valuable time generously, and to their unselfish zeal and resourcefulness belongs the credit for our clinical development. You all know who they are. I might make exceptions in the cases of those who have been very closely associated with me in the Provincial Laboratory for so many years, Drs. J. J. Ower and R. M. Shaw. Dr. Ower was here when I returned in 1919, and Dr. Shaw, with whom I was associated in the last war, came in 1921. I cannot commence to tell you how much I am indebted to them for their wise advice and constant valuable support, and to the others in the Departments of Pathology and Bacteriology and Hygiene. It is fitting also that I should acknowledge the constructive backing we always received from the late Dr. W. C. Laidlaw and the present Deputy Minister of Health.

There has been much written and advocated on the methods of educat-

ing the medical student. Controversy is common on what the student should be taught and the nature of his preliminary education. In the last analysis, however, the important thing is to graduate well-trained physicians who will be capable of serving the public adequately and honourably. For twenty years we have been the infant school of Canada and I am afraid regarded at first by some of our more mature associates as a western innovation given to hyperbole and perhaps of doubtful potentialities; but now at last, we have come of age and will shortly have to relinquish the nursery to the University of British Columbia, for Saskatchewan has already cut her teeth. We have always worked in harmony; and although clinical development has been hampered by physical and financial difficulties and certain improved clinical facilities are not yet fully available, only a confirmed pessimist would dare say that a distinguished future is not capable of attainment. Certain arrangements such as Dr. J. W. Scott's inclusion in the Western Committee of the National Research Council (which in itself is a compliment), are now in progress. From these we can expect developments of importance which will remedy a deficiency regarding research, particularly in the clinical departments, a deficiency which we have been forced to endure on account of the conditions of our developmental period where emphasis has most properly been on teaching and where the funds provided only adequate staff for that purpose.

The University Hospital, our primary clinical teaching unit, under capable management and professional leadership has become an orthopedic and neurological center and serves the Province with distinction in many special medical activities and in medical and surgical practice. The expansion of our teaching facilities in our affiliated hospitals: the Royal Alexandra, Misericordia, and General, all under competent administration, has

largely been made possible not only by the cooperation of the hospital authorities but also by the efforts of our own graduates.

An annual refresher course for the more recent successes of which Dr. Fulton Gillespie and his committee are responsible, is a springtime extension feature to which many of our Alberta confreres come each year, so renewing old contacts. During the war years this was well attended by service personnel in the capacity of both speakers and audience.

The record of our graduates in the armed services during the war, with which you are familiar, has been admirable, and their representation of the school could not have been finer. In accordance with the principles inculcated in their Alma Mater, they have done their duty with distinction in the field, in hospitals, and in administrative positions.

The acceleration of the course, which is now almost over and which was undertaken at the request of the Department of National Defence, was a strenuous effort on the part of the Faculty. Nobody who did not participate in it can really appreciate what this has meant to a depleted staff. This was, indeed, a very commendable war effort, and although it was a matter of expediency, not perhaps academically sound, at least it played its part in overcoming an unfortunate deficiency which for a time threatened to have serious consequences. Some day let us hope some acknowledgement will be made to those who gave their valuable time and energy so faithfully.

The long days of suspense are over, and our anxieties and difficulties are passing as we welcome the return of those of our graduates and confreres who played their part so well in active operations on the sea, on the land, in the air. We are grateful to them and sorrowfully mindful of those, alas, who will never return.

These past years have not been devoid of pleasant social associations in a very kindly community. It has been a most agreeable time in the 'Land of open doors,' and there have been many pleasing occasions professional and social in which I have enjoyed the society of my confreres and our graduates and undergraduates. That I participated sometimes in the glorification of the ancient black bovine, for which I had to face the stern reproof of my friend the Provost, does not place me by any means in a unique position in this gathering. That in company with Doctors Pope and Munro I was once interdicted as a compensation board criminal by an irascible foreigner, the contours of whose brain had been carefully inspected by an eminent local neuro-surgeon with whom I was associated in Siam, and threatened with forcible liquidation, while our other associate on the reference board, Dr. J. J. Ower, was not even mentioned, does not alter the fact that we are all here, nor soften the depressing reflection that it was not until the then premier of the Province was included in the charge and in the proposed forcible adjustment that any security action what-so-ever was taken. There have been many cosy little gatherings and many delightful contacts which I shall always remember, which have contributed so pleasantly to life in and out of the University.

I cannot forget the last 'Med Nite' when we were completely deserted by our confreres of the other faculties who had all gone to hear some 'stuffy' paper in protest against such a low-brow and noisy affair. While with good old Dr. Lee we did agree that "A little nonsense now and then is just the thing for me," we also appreciated the zeal of these highbrows for dramatic excellence. We were sorry they thereby missed the final

spasm of those most extraordinary entertainments. Nor can I forget the repercussions which followed the Medical banquets where youthful exuberance so frequently led to provostorial censure and some days of 'pussy footing' for some unfortunates including myself.

We have not been tied to a humdrum existence, and have fortunately enjoyed a reasonably stimulating proportion of detraction. As a natural outcome of all these developments, we are becoming more and more conscious of the activities and support of our Medical Alumni Association. Now under the presidency of Dr. A. C. MacGugan, whose enthusiasm was largely responsible for its inception, the society will function not only in the interests of the graduates but also in support of the University and Faculty. As the years roll on, ever increasing numbers will play their part in the maintenance of our traditions, and help in the developments to come. Since 1919, I have been most happy in my associations with the new Dean. He is a gentleman in whom, I know, one may safely put one's trust, and he is fully entitled by what he has already accomplished during the past years, to your most generous support. Since he possesses those qualities of ability and understanding so essential to administrative work as well as to professional prominence, future prospects cannot but be enhanced, I believe, in a complete continuation of good fellowship and successful endeavor.

In conclusion, may I simply thank you for the great honor and courtesy you have done me tonight and for the support you have given me in the past. I have tried to point out that what has been accomplished has been the result of the unselfish co-operation of a group in which I have been fortunate enough to play a small part.



By C. M. Russell



By C. M. Russell

Wide Open Spaces

By E. SILVER KEEPING

How do you do! I *thought* I heard someone at the door. Certainly I shall be pleased to show you around the Provincial Laboratory.

Yes, this is a very busy place. They say they do two hundred thousand dollars worth of government work here every year.

Now we go down the steps. Be careful of those cartons while I find the light-switch.

Here is the refrigerator. In this section we store the boxes of sera and vaccine. Oops—there they go! The boxes are piled so high that you have to be careful opening the doors. Thanks. There are a couple more under the step-ladder. The other sections contain media, cultures, and pathological specimens. Perhaps we had better not open them. They are rather full.

Off from the office we have the mailing room. It is from here that vaccines, media, and specimen-containers are sent all over the Province. No, we don't send shoes. You see, the technicians' wash-room will only hold four people standing, so in the daytime they have their twenty-five pairs of overshoes out here, and at night their twenty-five pairs of white shoes. You notice we also have a lunch corner for them at that table behind the coat-racks, beside the pile of soiled lab. coats.

This is the washing and preparation room. Most public-health laboratories have a wash-room for glass-ware, a sterilizing room for the autoclaves and ovens, and an animal inoculating room, but this is a unique arrangement. Everything is so compact. In the one room we have in-

cubators, stills, ovens, centrifuge, autoclaves, mice, rabbits, and guinea pigs, not to mention the four attendants. Sammy, who is in charge here, complains of over-work and we are thinking of having an assistant for him. We could put the assistant's table on a swinging balcony suspended over the stills, reached by a step-ladder on this side.

So you are particularly interested in housing? I hear that the problem in Canada today is most serious. The laboratory worker in his Ivory Tower is tempted to forget the conditions under which many Canadians must live. I have been told that some tenements are so overcrowded that the inhabitants cannot live together without exchanging blows quite frequently.

But to return to the laboratory: this little room is for water analysis, urinalysis, milk analysis, and for the examination of specimens suspected of infection by tubercle bacilli, typhoid bacilli, and gonococci. Those slides on the blotter are to be examined for gonococci. (How many a year? Oh, about 40,000, I should say.) They make agar media and broths in this room too. Bacteria vary so widely in their food requirements that we have to keep about 150 types of media on hand. These are not only sent out over the Province but are also used for the laboratory classes of our medical students.

Oh yes, we teach too. This is a Grade A Medical School. We think that our courses compare very well in breadth and intensity with those in large institutions to the South.

Step out in the corridor. Please be careful where you put your feet. Those

are piles of dirty dishes left by the bacteriology class. We never know where to put them while they are waiting to be washed. I once suggested to one of the professors that we cut down the number of species of micro-organisms that we actually show to the students, and let them read about the others in their textbooks. Then we wouldn't have so many dirty plates to find room for around here.

Who works on that little examination table over there? Oh, that's the Director's own microscope. You see, he's so approachable this way.

Would you care to see the Department of Pathology? The work of the Department is carried out in these two rooms.

These rows of crocks contain organs removed by surgeons all over the Province. We check them for cancer and such things. The regulations call for keeping them a month before discarding them. We certainly watch the calendar. Mind your head!

Hydrogen bisulphide is still pretty strong in here. One of the girls made it this morning for a staining procedure. I imagine the smell will have diffused away by tomorrow. Yes, I'll open the windows, if you don't mind our sub-zero temperature. You see the rows of reagents? Look out! Oh dear, I should have told you that in this room it is advisable to stand parallel to the benches, then your elbows don't bump into things. Keep your hands away from your eyes. I'm afraid that bottle was formalin. Come to this sink, but *sideways*, if you please. Now bathe your face. Better?

Must you go? It was a pleasure to have met you. We have had many distinguished visitors, soldiers and scientists, in our little laboratory, but I think that this is the first time that we have been honored by a visit from someone mainly interested in slum clearance.

Good bye!

Books of Our Own

The Spirit of Canadian Democracy: A Collection of Canadian Writings from the Beginnings to the Present Day. Selected by Margaret Fairley. pp. 319. Progress Books, 1946.

This book, as the title indicates, is not an ordinary anthology of verse and prose chosen for literary merit. The pieces given here have been selected to illustrate the struggle for and the safeguarding of democratic rights in Canada. We begin with Father Jean de Brebeuf describing the generous hospitality of the Hurons: "They never close the door upon a stranger, and, once having received him into their houses, they share with him the best they have." In the first section (from the beginnings to 1850) Haliburton, Howe, William Lyon Mackenzie, and Papineau are, naturally, prom-

inent. In the second part (1850 to 1930) we have Laurier, Louis Frechette, Lampman, Peter McArthur, J. S. Woodworth, and others.

The last part (1930 to the present) comprises about half the book. It includes some angry and bitter passages in the depression years (for example, a description by a university graduate of his life in a relief camp), and ends with passages in prose and verse (including some striking lines by Earle Birney) chiefly related to questions raised by the war.

Mrs. Fairley, the compiler of this liberal-spirited and rousing book, will be remembered by some Alberta graduates as Miss Keeling, a member of the English Department more years ago than either she or I care to remember.

R. K. GORDON.

They Sate in Council

*They racked their brains
They scratched their heads
They wagged their tongues—*

—as they met in council on February 2 to discuss Alumni affairs. Those present were: Mr. Justice Hugh John Macdonald '21, '23 (presiding), Dr. W. H. Swift '24, '27, '30 (re-elected vice-pres.), Dr. G. B. Sanford '20 (past pres.), Earl Bowser '30, '32 (custodian of the cash), Louis Hyndman '27, O. Paul Thomas '37, Robert English '28, A. G. Bramley-Moore '23, '25, A. E. Rosborough '25, '33, herald for the Edmonton Branch, Dr. L. O. Bradley '38 (representing Victoria branch), Fred Hannotchko '32 from Two Hills, Dr. P. H. Sprague '27 (representing the Meds), Isabel Landels '30, '32 from Lethbridge, Ottar Mas-sing '39, '44 from Wetaskiwin, Harry Kostash '21 from Smoky Lake, Larry Alexander '32 from Calgary, Hugh Wilson '32 from Peace River, J. J. Stewart '39 from Red Deer, G. B. Taylor '23, '25 our faithful secretary, W. D. Clark '44 (editor-in-chief of *The Gateway*), R. M. Helmer (Students' Union Pres.), and Gunner Campbell speaking for the graduating class.

—they discussed the establishment of a permanently paid secretary for the Alumni as Geoff feels that he is too busy with other University affairs.

—Earl Bowser reported the financial situation as being a little weak as the expenses exceeded the income for the past year. *I hope that you have paid your 1946 fees!*

—at noon they, along with members of the Musical Convention being held at the University, were Dr. Newton's guests at a luncheon.

—after the noon hour, they enjoyed listening to Professor Salter who outlined the growth of *The New Trail* from the first copy up to the best so far— the January issue.

—they thoroughly discussed a War Memorial in the form of a fund or scholarship as proposed by Guthrie Sanford.

—they eagerly listened to the reports of activities from each branch or group during the past year.

—they made minor amendments in the constitution which enable the executive committee to appoint representatives for any group if the group, body, or district concerned fails to take the initiative.

—as 5:30 p.m. drew nigh, the counsellors put their Alumni Business aside to have dinner with the Edmonton Branch. They finished the day by listening to E. B. Wilson '25, '27 speak on the individual's part in post-war international relations.

—K. E. S.

Alumni Notes

Dear Fellow-Alumni:

The other day Geoff remarked, "If I had a dozen arms I could do my work and also write the Alumni Notes." Being a sympathetic soul, I offered to help him. In case you are wondering who is writing, I am an education grad. of '45 and help Geoff keep track of Alumni.

1912 - 1925

My first note concerns one of the first graduates, namely, Dr. G. Fred McNally '11, LL.D.

(NB) '37 Ending more than forty years as an educationalist in Alberta, he will retire in April. Everyone feels that he is responsible for the institution of many progressive educational measures in Alberta. We are sure that the Department of Education will regret his leaving. . . "Tomorrow (January 3, 1946) we welcome back to Victoria the first Canadian Scottish. The town will go en fete," writes James Adam '12, '15 of 632 Harbinger Ave., Victoria, B.

C. . . . The sudden passing of Rev. George Kettys '12 who was the United Church minister at Stony Plain, Alberta, was a shock to many of us. It is said that although he had been feeling ill, he refused to lighten his duties. . . . Mrs. A. D. Elsey '12 of Box 24, Waskatenuau, Alberta, sent in a short yearly note. . . . Brig. Harry Nolan, M.C., O.B.E., '14 has been named associate prosecutor on the international military tribunal to try war criminals in the Far East. . . . Eric Harvey, K.C., '16 has been appointed to the board of directors of The Southam Co. Ltd. His address is 303 - 36 Ave. W., Calgary. . . . We were very pleased to hear from Dr. S. R. Laycock '16, '20, '23 who is professor of Educational Psychology at the University of Sask. . . . "I resigned from Iowa State College at Ames after 24 years there. Came to Victoria and now house hunting; intend to settle here. Sorry to hear of the death of Fleming (Wm. M. Fleming '19, M.S.A. (B.C.) '25)," writes Dr. Norman Clark '18, '19 from Box 198, R.R. 4, Ferndale Road, Victoria. Mrs. Clark was Helen Milne '31. . . . Robert Lillico '20 was with the Dept. of Transport in Prince Rupert, but now writes from 312 Pacific Bldg., Vancouver. . . . T. T. Grimmett '20 who no doubt is the oldest grad from here called for a ticket to the Alumni Dinner held on February 2. He is very active in spite of his 89 years. . . . We regret losing Dr. A. W. 'Whit' Matthews '21, '26, Ph.D. (Florida) '40, head of the pharmacy dept. since 1942, who left to be director of research for the Rexall Drug, Toronto. . . . We have heard with regret of the death of John R. Goetz '22 of Langenburg, Sask. . . . A very faithful Alumnus, Ernest Churchill '23, M.A. (Chicago) '25 who lived at 808 St. Charles Street, Victoria, also passed away early in January. We imagine the B.C. Dept. of Education where he was employed will miss him greatly. . . . Arthur Putland '24, '27 called to see Geoff when he was up from Lethbridge to attend the musical convention at the University. His address is Southminster United Church, Lethbridge. . . . Ranald D. White '24 is now practising in Edmonton after serving as S/L in the RCAF. He saw Britain thoroughly as he visited almost every RCAF station as a judge advocate. . . .

Our prominent vice-president of the Alumni, Dr. W. H. Swift '24, '27, '30 Ph.D. (Stanford) '41, has been appointed Deputy Minister of

Education to succeed Dr. G. Fred McNally. We wish him much success in his new position. . . . Hugh Teskey '24 (10157 - 94A St., Edmonton) is back from service and is teaching vets. . . . Clifford S. Bissett '25, formerly Canadian trade commissioner to Mexico City, is now the first Canadian trade commissioner to Venezuela. He will live at Caracas. Cliff's son, Donald Patrick Bissett '39, is now working at General Electric, Peterborough, Ont. . . . Another grad, John H. English '25, is appointed senior trade commissioner to South Africa. . . . "Last night (January 19) thirty-nine of the U of A alumni gathered at Dr. Tory's for our regular monthly meeting, despite the fact that it was eighteen degrees below with a strong NW wind. A very enjoyable time was had, and after George Field '29, '30, '37 had expressed our appreciation of his hospitality, Dr. Tory treated us to some extremely interesting reminiscences. . . . He is really one of the giants," writes Dr. C. K. Johns '25, M.Sc. McGill) '26 of 58 Fulton Ave., Ottawa. Mrs. Johns was Dorothy Farnalls '25. . . . A very distinguished alumna recently visiting in Edmonton was Dr. Leone MacGregor Hellstadt '25 of Stockholm, Sweden. She was our first medical woman graduate. . . . Sydney S. Stephens '25 (115 Wilmote Place, Winnipeg) is back with Jas. Richardson and Sons after being released from NDHQ, Ottawa.

1926 - 1935

Mrs. H. Boyd (nee Helen Boyle) '26 writes from Winnipeg, 818 Riverwood Ave. . . . In a note headed 446 Edward St., Calgary, Mrs. B. M. Harshman (nee Myra Austin) '27 writes: "have enjoyed every number of 'The New Trail' ". . . After serving as a Wing-Commander, Robert Harrison '27 has been appointed to the newly-created position of solicitor for the British American Oil Co. for western Canada. Don't forget to call in to see us when you're in Edmonton, Bob. . . . Lieut/Commander Charles McKenzie '27 went to Tokio after leaving the navy hospital in Bremerton, Washington. His wife and family live at 565 Marine Drive, Bremerton, Washington. . . . Jack C. M. Allen '28, 10 Riverside Apts., Winnipeg writes: "Returned to Canada last August after serving a few years with the Queen's Own Highlanders. . . . used to receive my copies of the 'Trail' and Chipmunk and was always glad to get the news." . . . Dr. James Brunton '28

writes: "I have opened a private practice at the Medical Arts Bldg., Hamilton, and live at 16, East Ave. North, Hamilton, Ont. Mrs. Brunton was Dr. Elizabeth Caswell '26. . . . Mary E. Donaldson '28 of the Public Library, Saskatoon, writes: "'The New Trail' just arrived. You must have the most efficient staff of detectives the way you keep up with changes of address. I marvel." I always thought that I would make a good detective! . . . Nick Holowaychuk '29, '31 who is now attending the University of California, Berkeley, says that on VE. day he was able to make a first hand study of the soils in the Balkans. Unlike most of us who were in the air that day, Nick was really down to earth. . . . Mrs. L. C. Marsh (nee Helen Cautley) '30 was in for a visit. She is on the staff of the Canadian Information Service (late of the Wartime Information Board). Mrs. Marsh revealed that we may be entertaining a party of New Zealand biological students next November. . . . Mrs. T. K. MacLean (nee Kathleen Burgess) '30 writes: "My husband Thomas '30 after a few years in the medical corps was discharged and has opened a practice in the Vancouver Block with Dr. Gordon C. Johnston '26, '30 and Dr. Fergus Johnston '26, '30 both of whom were formerly with the RCAMC." Mrs. G. C. Johnston was Kathleen Reed '32. . . . Dr. H. K. Brown '30 of 32 Crescent Road, Toronto, is "brushing up" on his teeth at the University of Toronto after his discharge from the CDC as Lieut-Col. Major Dennis Healy '31, formerly Professor of French here, has been awarded a scholarship at the University of Paris. This was announced by the Khaki University, London, where he was on the staff. . . . Stanley Rands '31, '36 (Oxon) '37 is still with the National Film Board in Ottawa. His residence is 366 Waverly St., Ottawa. His brother, Ernest Rands '34, who is a United Church minister at Woodbine church, Toronto, lives at 139 Gledhill Ave. . . . Mrs. Elizabeth Boardseth '32 sent in her annual note from Ponoka, Alberta. . . . "By this time you will be aware that a branch of the Alberta Alumni has been formed at Victoria. The first collection of fees was taken in December," writes Mrs. W. J. Perry (nee Lucina Coone) '32 of 1110 Greenwood Ave., Victoria. . . . "Many thanks for the 'New Trail'," writes Jean E. Lobb '32 of 7911-109 St., Edmonton. . . . i D Hargrave '32, '36 of Brooks, Alberta,

made a personal call on Geoff. In his conversation he mentioned Edwin W. Brunsden '28 who is now manager of Eastern Irrigation at Brooks. . . . "It feels funny to be in civies again after five and a half years as a major," writes Dr. Vladimir Ignatieff '32, Ph.D. (Toronto), c/o General Engineers Co., 100 Adelaide St., W., Toronto. . . . Carman F. McKim '32 writes, "I'm back working for Wm. Thomas Advertising Co., Ltd. after serving as a Lieutenant on the HMCS St. Hyacinth." (Editorial interpolation: How about some juicy advertising contracts for 'The New Trail', kind sir? Rates on application to Clem L. King.) He resides at Apt. S, Cluny Castles, 5415 D'Carry Blvd., Montreal 24, Quebec. . . . F/O H. B. Wortman '33 (126 Wing, RCAF, Utersen, Germany) is an educational officer overseas. . . . Another '33-er interested in education is Dr. James A. Fraser, M.Sc., P.D. (Columbia) '37. Back to civilian life, he is Registrar and Dean of Education at Ferris Institute, Big Rapids, Michigan, U.S.A. . . .

From Dr. Edward C. Jordan '34, '36 of 903 South Carle, Urbana, Illinois, comes the official announcement of David Walker Jordan, December 5, 1945—7 lbs., 10 ozs. . . . An energetic soul is Dr. B. Dunham '34 who answered a request in 'The New Trail' by writing, "Up to April '46 my address is Ashcroft, B.C., but after it will be Lytton, B.C. . . . J. W. Chalmers '35, '41, who is taking post-grad at Stanford University, writes: "I can certainly recommend this California weather. Top coats are superfluous; hats, scarfs, rubbers are unknown. At present (January 10, 1946) the pansies are very fine indeed, almost as beautiful as the roses." How do you expect us to imagine such sights in 25-below-zero weather? Mrs. Chalmers (nee Dorothy Niddrie) '36 lives at 9759 - 87 Ave., Edmonton, and J. W.'s address is Box 1175, Stanford University, Cal. . . . Bernard Ower '35, B.L.S. (McGill) '36 was in for a chat. He has just returned from service in England, Belgium, and Germany with the RAF mobile radar unit. He is returning to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, this time as Librarian. Bernard's twin brother John '36, who was with the New Zealand army, is expected to return with his wife and John jr. to Edmonton. . . . A lost sheep was returned to the fold when we tracked down a graduate with whom contact was lost for a few years. He is Clinton Constant (form-

erly Constantinescu) '35 of Apt. No. 8, 703 Rosedale Ave., Houston 6, Texas. He is superintendent of the HF plant, Nyotex chemicals Inc., in Texas.

1936 - 1945

Major Lloyd Bassett '36 has opened a private practice at 1029 Douglas St., Victoria, B.C. Don't forget, Lloyd, there is a flourishing U of A Alumni Branch out there. . . . Here are a few words from Major Allen Conroy '36 of Gardiner General Hospital, U. S. Army, Chicago 15, Illinois: "My wife and I will be taking a grand tour before St. Luke's hospital here beckons again. We shall certainly visit the old stamping grounds. Have had a recent visit with Ray (Big T) Trott who was also Med. '36, and a stiff-lab. partner. Ray has had four years of post-graduate study in orthopedics. He recently visited with all the gang in Montreal, especially 'Farthy' Norton '36 (Apt. 201, 1500 Crescent St., Montreal) who is doing X-ray. Saw Bill Meadows '30, '32 (322 - E 14 St., Lockport, Ill.) at the last meeting of the Chicago Surgical Society. Cheers to Rutherford for his beef about the removal of trees." I might add at this point that Major Conroy's sister Marion '36, now Mrs. W. A. Wilson, is out of the services and lives in London, England, where her husband is with the "News Week". Her address is c/o "News Week", Daily Telegraph Bldg., 135 Fleet St., London E.C. 4, England. . . . O. Paul Thomas '37 (11902 - 91 St., Edmonton) besides being an active Alumnus on the Edmonton Branch is now occupational officer for DVA for the Edmonton and north district. He would like to hear from some of his contemporaries. . . . Lieut. Jim Saks '37, now of 10813 - 95 St., Edmonton, is said to be the only "Canadian Casualty" in the sinking of the German battleship Scharnhorst, and is probably the only Canadian officer to serve during this war on a corvette, destroyer, cruiser, and aircraft carrier. Jim recalls that he was the "joke" of the fleet for the wound he received during the engagement

between the German ship and the Iriquois. We never did learn the nature of the wound. . . . In a letter headed 125 Reid Ave., Ottawa, Charlie Hurst '37 writes. "Needless to say in my travels in the Navy I ran into many Alberta people. The best example of what a small place the world is, was my encounter with Ken A. McKenzie '38, '39 in Belfast where I had gone for a 48-hour leave from Londonderry and he on leave from Holland. I was shipmates with Don Clarke '41, '43, radar officer C-3, for one trip (and at other times ran into Hugh John McDonald, '38, Marg. Rea '38 (in the WRCNS), Jack Dewis '37, '40, John McLennan, '37, '40, Gene McPherson '39, Milton Edwards '37, and Nelson Nix '38, '41. My neighbours across the way were Al Murray '34, '36, now with the Civil Service Commission, and his wife Jean (nee Gordon) '32. In the next office to me is W. S. MacDonald '15, one of the first engineering grads. from U of A who is one of the prime movers of the Alumni Branch here." . . . Dr. John Caldwell '37 has returned to practice at Des Moines. He and Mrs. Caldwell (nee Nora K. Howes) '29 live at 107 Lincoln Place Drive, Des Moines, Iowa. His brother Hugh '37 is back from overseas and is practising in Calgary. Hugh's address is 1035 - 17 Ave. W., Calgary. . . . M. Betty Brown '37 is a "highly confidential secretary" for the USED at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. She handles "secret stuff" concerning the atomic bomb. Her brother John '37 is overseas with the American Army. Their home address is Box 372, Peace River, Alberta. . . . We are happy to welcome Rev. George Tuttle '37 back to Alberta after several years in Toronto. In a letter headed Sangudo, Alberta, George writes: "I am getting settled into the work of the United Church here." . . . We like to receive letters like the one Mrs. Bob Francis (nee Marion Williams) '38 writes. It is bubbling with news from beginning to end of all the grads that live in Winnipeg. Marion closes her letter with news of her own kin: "Jim Francis '40 is discharged

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from the RCAF and is now at the Toronto Western Hospital. Bob (her husband) '42 has an internship at the same hospital when he gets out of service. Mary Francis '42 is teaching in Lethbridge. My brother Dwight Williams '33 is a meteorologist with the Dept. of Transport, Patricia Bay, B.C." Marion and Bob reside at 2 - 42 Furby St., Winnipeg. . . . Wednesday, March 6, was reunion day for the Winnipeg Alumni, for at that time thirty-five old and not so old grads met at Moore's Restaurant. After the meal a first rate meeting was held with Cliff Osterland '26 in the chair. The recording secretary, Peggy (Mrs. D. E.) McLeod '40, has this to say: "Mr. Osterland was chairman of the evening and did a fine job of it. He was responsible for seeing that Mr. G. V. Ferguson, executive editor of the 'Winnipeg Free Press' and an Alberta Rhodes Scholar, was set up on his feet with due acclaim. Dr. McGibbon gave the vote of thanks to Mr. Ferguson's extremely vivid account of his recent visit to Germany. You might be interested in this little anecdote. Mr. Ferguson always maintains that he is not a graduate

of U of A, therefore not an alumnus, because he never wrote or passed a final exam. Dr. McGibbon in his vote of thanks referred to this statement of G. V. F.'s and stated that perhaps when Alberta confers on this distinguished editor the LL.D., he will consider himself a graduate. The result of the meeting is that we have a nominating committee of four members. C. D. Osterland '26, Gerry Cope '43, Art Thompson '37, and myself. It will select a slate of officers for the members to vote for by mail. The ballot is to be completed by the end of March. We hope to have another meeting in May or June." Mrs. McLeod (nee Spreull) lives at 178 Braemar Ave., Winnipeg.

It is good to know that our Winnipeg friends have revived the Alumni Organization there. It appears very certain from the long list of Alumni which Mrs. McLeod sent in and the financial result of the gathering that they are in for a promising new life. . . . Margaret Dunham '38 of Indianapolis has been holidaying in Edmonton and Calgary. She is the administrative dietitian at the Indiana University Medical Centre, Indianapolis. . . . Fred Heath

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'38 writes from 5 Du Maurier Blvd, Toronto 12, Ont.: "I have accepted an offer from the Canadian General Electric Co. I shall be responsible for the engineering in the transmitter and special products division. This is an entirely new field for the Canadian Co., and I am starting in while it is still at the organization stage, so I shall be able to take part from the very beginning. I shall have to spend a large part of my time in Syracuse, N.Y." Mrs. Heath was Jessie Carmichael '38. Good luck in your new adventure, Fred. . . . "Like the bad penny and poor relation, I have finally popped up!" writes Dr. John Maxwell '38 of 315 - 13 Ave. N.W., Calgary. . . . Col. Ernest Cote, O.B.E., '38 has been appointed to the Canadian Delegation to the United Nations Conference in London. His permanent address is 360 Stewart St., Ottawa. . . . Dr. J. Naimark '39, formerly of the CDC, has opened an office at 1501 West Broadway, Vancouver, B.C. . . . Frank Low '39, '42, formerly with the Canada Packers in Edmonton, is now with the Ozama Sugar Co. in Cindad Trujillo, Republica Dominica, West Indies. . . . "I am finally going home to Calgary after spending four months getting the others home as a part of the Repatriation staff. Les Brown '40 is on the staff here, but as he has an English bride, he is not in the hurry that I am," writes Capt. J. L. Yeats (applied science 1939-42) of 1507 - 15 St. E., Calgary. . . . Lieut. Bill McEwen '40, back home again, is sales engineer for the Industrial Division, Exide Batteries of Canada, at 153 Dufferin, Toronto. Mrs. McEwen was Marion Gibson '39. . . . Bert Swann '40, '42 called the other day to let us know that he is on "civie" street again. He has started an importing and exporting (building material) business at 5489 Larch St., Vancouver. I told him to call on Allen C. Smith '42, who is now consulting engineer at 3224 - 37 Ave., W., Vancouver. Perhaps between Bert and Allen the housing shortage may slacken at the Coast. . . . In a letter headed 163 Jackson St. W., Hamilton, Ont., Murray Bolton '40 writes: "I have returned to the Canadian Westinghouse where as usual a lot of Alberta boys work. Doug Hutchinson '40, Al Clink '40, and of course others are going back soon." . . . S/L David Smith '40 was in for a visit after a long journey home to his Alma Mater. He banged into James H. Marshall '41 on New Year's in

Piccadilly. Jim is teaching in Edinburgh. As Dave is undecided what he will do after his discharge, his address is c/o Mrs. A. J. Smith, Armley, Sask. . . . Malcolm Urquart '40, who lives at 123 Beverly Ave., Kingston, is now assistant professor of Economics at Queen's. . . . Another lecturer in economics is Elizabeth M. Rosengren '40, M.A. (Toronto) '42. She lectures at the University of Toronto. . . . In a letter, James D. Elliott '40 of the B.C. Co-Operative Seed Association, 2225 W. 11th Ave., Vancouver, writes: "On December 21, 1945, we received via 'Stork Express' a baby girl, which makes three of a kind" . . . Margaret Murray '40, who resides at Apt 5, 1452 Bishop St., Montreal, is an executive secretary to the Arctic Institute of North America. Her office is in McGill University. . . . An ex-F/L., R. F. L. Hanna (9734 111 St., Edmonton) writes: "The latest (January) issue of the 'New Trail' is best to date in my opinion. May it continue to grow in all dimensions" "Our editor really appreciates words like these. . . . Mrs. J. W. Oak (nee Helen Towers) '41, '43 of Sub P.O. Prince Rupert, B.C., was a visitor in Edmonton. . . . Max D. Stewart '41, '42 is taking post grad in economics at U of T, and lives at 112 St.

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George Street, Toronto. . . "I have enjoyed my two and a half years in England, but have not forgotten the attractions of Canada. They (Chipmunk and 'New Trail') have helped to revive the many pleasant memories of U of A," writes Robert B. Allan '41 of H.Q. "D" Group, Cdn Repat Depot, CAOS. . . Kathleen Mc-Nevin '41 writes: "I have just returned from a year at University of North Carolina where I took p g in Public Health Education and received my M Sc I am now employed by the Provincial Health Board at Victoria, B.C., as a health consultant." . . "I am now studying in the Dept of Geology at Queen's. My wife, who is an ex-student (Verna Conybeare, Arts 1943) of U of A and also an ex-service woman, is also at Queen's," writes C. E. B. Conybeare '41 of 161 Stuart St., Kingston. . . Sid Cornish '41 dropped in to report his return. Although the Chipmunks generally arrived a few months late (because he never took time to send us his address), he appreciated them. He saw copies of 'The New Trail' in a number of places such as the Canadian Officers' Club in London and Fort Frontenac in Kingston. He saw more than the 'Trail' at Kingston in Decem-

ber, 1945 as he brought back a wife from there. Thomas McDonald '42, after serving on the HMCS "Provider," is now on the staff of Sir George Williams College in Montreal. He lives at 15 Brunet Ave, Pointe Claire, P.Q. . . Bob Torrance '42, who is with the YMCA at West Vancouver, tells us he prefers Edmonton weather any day to that of the Coast. His business address is c/o YMCA, 955 Buward St., Vancouver. . . Barbara (nee Gillman) '42 and George McDougall '42 of the Alaska Highway Maintenance, 6 Service Command, Whitehorse, Y.T., write. "Way up here in the Yukon we seem to be so out of touch with Alumni doings and news of all the old crowd that a copy of 'The New Trail' is like manna from heaven. There have been numerous different U of A grads working on construction of the highway, but at last it seems that the McDougalls and Rose Pollack '42 are the sole representatives of our old Alma Mater. Rose is at present working in the lab at the station hospital."

As I think these are enough ramblings for this issue, I shall say,

Cheerio,

KATHLEEN SMITH.

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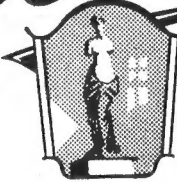
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